"MODERN MAN," FEBRUARY 8th, 1913.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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H.R.H.: THE YOUNG MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

QUEEN MARY SHORTENS THE DEBUTANTES' TRAINS.

As everybody knows, Queen Mary has her own ideas on the subject of dress, and they are not ideas which commend themselves to the smart set. Her Majesty has never yet been seen in anything approaching a hobble skirt, and although Society clings tenaciously to severity in line in dress the Queen persists in having all her skirts made after an old-fashioned and out-of-date pattern.

It is fortunate that Her Majesty has naturally a very fine figure, or she would look distinctly "countrified" in some of her clothes. But recently the Queen hurled a bombshell into the ranks of the fashionable by decreeing that at the forthcoming Courts the trains of the ladies were to be shortened by half a yard. And we would not be surprised if the day were to come when the train disappeared altogether.

Shorn of some Glory.

Then "Good-bye" to the Courts as well, for there are quite a number of duchesses and lesser folk who would refuse to go to Court altogether if that should happen. The train is an institution which is beloved of the heart of every smart woman. It has a natural distinction, and though a man is invariably flumoxed and ill-at-ease when in the vicinity of a lady's train, the manœuvring of it comes as natural to a woman as the carrying of a babe at the breast.

Needless to say, this decree of the Queen's has evoked no end of caustic comment amongst the débutantes and their mothers, who see themselves shorn of some of their glory on the day of all days in their early lives.

For the nobly-born young things who are living at this moment on airs and dreams in view of their presentation on the night of February 7th at Buckingham Palace, anything that reduces their sense of importance is taken very seriously indeed. A débutante knows that she is at this period of her life something almost ethereal. For Society immediately proceeds to place her in the front rank of possible peeresses, and her chances of marrying a duke or a marquess are the subject of energetic comment and speculation at a thousand functions during the coming spring and summer.

But for six months she will be a veritable heroine in embryo. At the end of that period her little day as a débutante is over, for as soon as Society has gone off to Cowes and Riviera she begins to be forgotten.

On the other hand, should she have the good fortune to be selected by a parti of position, i.e., a coronet, she will continue to shine until her honeymoon takes her once more from Society's limelight.

The Truth about the Prince of Wales' Matrimonial Intentions.

I have a pronouncement to make in regard to the Prince of Wales which I trust will save the Royal Family from a certain form of annoyance to which they have been subjected more than enough during the past two years, and are likely to be subjected to still more during the next two.

The heir-apparent's marriage is bound to be a subject of absorbing interest to the nation. This interest has already strongly manifested itself in Society, and scores of idle speculations have already been made.

The Prince is shortly proceeding to Germany to visit his great aunt, the old Dowager-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It has been officially announced that His Royal Highness will take the opportunity of paying a visit to his Prussian relatives in Berlin, and during the next few weeks not only Society generally, but the Press of Europe will be agog to know whether the visit will be followed by the announcement of the betrothal of His Royal Highness and the only daughter of the German Emperor.

Already, of course, numerous irresponsible tintinnabulators have prognosticated this announcement. I am in a position to state that under no circumstances will such an alliance take place.

Heir-Apparent not to be Betrothed for Five Years.

Not only am I able to state that the Prince will not wed the Kaiser's daughter, but I am able also to state that there will be no betrothal of the heir-apparent for five years. This, of course, will amaze many, but it is an absolute fact, and I leave it to Time to prove its truth to the readers of *Modern Man*.

I can state unhesitatingly, and on the highest authority, that both King George and Queen Mary are unanimous that their son shall not wed until he is twenty-five. And what is more, even then it will not be the Kaiser's daughter who will become England's future Queen, for the simple reason that the marriage of the Prince of Wales has already been arranged.

The young Princess has been selected, and I can state that when the announcement of her name is made it will afford the country the very highest satisfaction. At present she is in the schoolroom, a charming, frank, rosy-cheeked little lass, who promises to be a very fine woman, but who at present has her hair down, and consequently does not know her own destiny. But that these statements are facts based upon absolute acquaintance of Their Majesties' intentions in regard to the Prince of Wales, I can affirm with the knowledge that while the young couple live they are irrefutable, and will be proved true within the next seven years.

I need scarcely say that this fact is little known even amongst the most exclusive people in the Court, both the King and the Queen being extremely anxious that nothing upon the subject of their intentions in this matter should be mentioned. But at this moment, when Society throughout Europe is preening itself upon having located a "romance" in the coming alliance of the Prince of Wales and the Kaiser's daughter, it is as well that this final and authoritative pronouncement should be made.

I may add that when the time comes *Modern Man* will be the first paper to give the actual intimation of the Princess' fiancée.

Viscount's Coming Marriage with a Dollar Millionairess.

I am able to state that Society will shortly learn of the engagement of a very interesting young English peer with a dollar millionairess from New York. It is so long now since a Peer married an American that the engagement will be sure to excite universal interest, especially as the lady will bring a very substantial fortune to this country.

The parti is Lord Exmouth, the fifth viscount of a title which was won by that Admiral Pellow who smashed up the fleet and arsenal at Algiers near upon a hundred years ago, and was rewarded with a Peerage, he already having been "barted" for his gallant capture of the French frigate the "Cleopatra."

Lord Exmouth came of age in 1911, and as he has no money to speak of, great efforts have naturally been made by his family to get him fixed up with a wife who can assist him to maintain the position.

SECURE A PROPRIETARY INTEREST IF YOU LIKE THIS PAPER.

The "boy" the young ladies like best is the Argumentative Anti-Suffragist.

Fortunately for Lord Exmouth, he is the possessor of a wise old cousin of eighty-odd who resides permanently at Washington, and is in touch with all the smart diplomatic and official people in the political capital of the United States.

It would be impolitic to mention the name of the lady in the case, while she is still in the position of not being able to make up her mind, but there is little doubt that a few months hence will bring her to this country as an English peeress. We wish Lord Exmouth the best of luck. He is now in Washington a-courting for all he is worth!

The Marriage of Helen Gould.

Which reminds us that Miss Helen Gould has got married at last, and as a good deal of "romance" has been made out of the wedding, perhaps we may add a few sidelights upon it. There would not appear to be much "romance" about a bride of forty-five, albeit she is a millionairess, but the lady had the decency to keep her nuptials as quietly as possible, though there seems to have been a great display of diamonds and flowers.

But Helen Gould has been positively "loud" over her wedding compared with her sister, who married the Prince de Sagan some years ago. So bashful were the couple that they sneaked out of the Savoy Hotel by a side entrance, took different cabs in the street, and went to the Registry office in the Strand without a single lady to bless their wedding. Anna Gould at that time had had a sickener of display, and the best of life's good things become tiresome when there are too many of them.

The "Hottest Stuff" in all France.

Anna Gould was Jay Gould's eldest daughter, and he left her three millions sterling. Naturally she became the object of half the impecunious aristocrats in Europe, and eventually she succumbed to the charms of Count Boni de Castellane, the eldest son of the Marquis de Castellane, head of one of the oldest families in France.

Count Boni was a charming fellow, but he was about the hottest stuff in all France, as Anna Gould wasn't long in discovering. He had several flats going at the same time in Paris, and his constancy to Anna Gould did not survive the honeymoon. In five years Count Boni not only squandered eight hundred thousand pounds of Anna's money, but contracted debts for another £800,000. Anna had three children by her rake of a husband, and then she divorced him. But she had taken a leaf out of her husband's book and while Count Boni was flirting with his midinettes she was allowing herself to be enslaved by the Count's own cousin, a tall and handsome Frenchman, the Prince de Sagan.

When Anna Gould finally went back to America her affair with the Prince was public talk, and though she was eagerly questioned by the reporters as to her intentions in regard to the Prince de Sagan she wearily replied that she "had had enough of matrimony" and wasn't having any more.

But the Prince de Sagan wouldn't be said nay. He followed her to America in the next boat, and eventually persuaded her to meet him in London on the "Q.T." and "get it over." And she did. One sunny day in July, 1908, the divorced wife of Count Boni de Castellane and the grey-haired Prince de Sagan emerged from the Strand Registry Office man and wife.

And we are glad to say that the Prince has played the game. By him Anna Gould has a little four-year-old son, who is also called Prince de Sagan, and it is her sister's second marriage that has influenced Helen Gould to renounce her early ideas of remaining a spinster.

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A Pankhurst Concession.

Oh, how grateful we all ought to be to dear, kind, good Mrs. Pankhurst. She is going to allow us to live. She has said so herself, quite plainly, you know. Here are her very own words, bless her:—

"We are engaged in warfare, and . . . it must be guerilla warfare. One thing we shall regard as sacred, and that is human life. Short of taking that, we are warranted to use all the methods resorted to in time of war. We shall do as much damage to property as we can."

We are not quite able to follow our Pankie in a further remark of hers. "We shall fight," she announces, "like Garibaldi fought."

We have always understood that Garibaldi did it in a red shirt, not in anything that Mrs. Pankhurst wears.

FOR PROSPECTUS AND APPLICATION FORM SEE PAGE 1877.

At a Kensington concert a young lady whistled on behalf of charity. We have observed that most people who ask for charity have to whistle for it.

* * *

Lady Desart on the Insurance Act.

The Dowager Countess of Desart, summoned at Kilkenny for failure to stamp the Insurance cards of her employees—who stated in Court that they did not desire to insure under the Act, that they had always been paid full wages during illness, and that Lady Desart had offered to subscribe her share if they decided to come under the Act—was allowed to explain her position at considerable length.

She declined, she said, to be used as the tool of the State to compel payment, merely because she was richer than they were, from those of her workpeople who considered the tax unjust and unnecessary. She criticised and denounced the finance of the Act on actuarial grounds, and remarked that, among other cruel things, it labelled and numbered the artisan and the poor man as up to the present time only convicts had been labelled and numbered.

In allowing herself to be called into Court and fined, and in refusing to give an undertaking as to the future, Lady Desart showed the courage of her convictions, and it certainly seems to us that she is fighting her servants' battle rather than her own. All the same, and however unselfish her motives, the Act she derides is the law of the land, as the presiding magistrate reminded her; and while it remains law as it is Dowager Countesses must obey it as it is, just the same as humbler folk.

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Coddling and Coercion.

About many things that matter very little to anybody, legislation is getting more and more fussy and grandmotherly, while evils and wrongs that cry aloud for redress, and scandals that howl for removal, continue to be tolerated with a bland indifference to their patent mischiefs and glaring perils.

The British householder and the British shopkeeper are harassed and irritated by rules, restrictions and regulations that have multiplied beyond enumeration. The liberty of the individual has lessened and is lessening—he must do this and he mustn't do that and has to ask permission to do t'other thing.

He is lawed and by-lawed on a mixed system of coddling and coercion. Treated more and more like a child the older he grows, he is indulgently allowed to play pretty much as he likes with certain easy agencies of murder and suicide—notably with

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Pistols and Poison.

Like all firearms, revolvers have been improved almost out of recognition. Modern weapons of this class are not only more facile in use, but far more certain and far more deadly than any of the types that preceded them; and these handy little marvels of constructive ingenuity are now familiar objects in the windows of every gunsmith, so called.

To the diseased or tempted mind the very sight of them is provocation, as is proved by their frequent and fatal employment. Far from appreciating the fact that their increase in number and efficiency calls for increased precautions in the matter of their possession, the legislature refuses to make their purchase any more discriminate. Without question or difficulty, they are procurable by people who can have no more legitimate use for them than for gatling guns or mounted maxims.

Perhaps even more scandalous is the careless ease with which veronal and other poisonous drugs are allowed to be dispensed to all and sundry. We mention veronal thus specifically because of its notoriety at the moment. Effectual restrictions on the sales of poisons are non-existent.

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Overheard Conversations at the Chemist's.

"I want to kill the cockroach—let me have some stuff, please. Enough to do in all my family and friends at one go will be sufficient, I think, thank you."

"Certainly, sir. Tommie, serve the gentleman with strychnine and arsenic. What can I do for you, madam?"

"I haven't been sleeping very well the last night or two. My neighbours on both sides keep late hours, and are rather noisy. I think I'll try veronal tablets." "Excellent things, madam. For yourself, or to be given to the neighbours? A single over-dose is guaranteed to do the trick with certainty in nine cases out of ten. Or I can strongly recommend several new drugs that are spoken of by the undertakers very highly indeed; done up in these pretty pink wrappers, or small stoppered bottles that are easily passed round to the jury. Coroners swear by them. Do the lot up in one parcel? With pleasure, madam."

* * *

Drug Habit.

The consumption of intoxicating liquors is on the down grade. The habitual taking of drugs is on the up grade. If in this synchronisation there is something more than coincidence, there is small cause for gratification in the former fact. In connection with the suggested reflection it would be interesting to ascertain whether, in America's experience, the sale of morphine, cocaine, opium, and similar preparations, is greater in the prohibition than in the non-prohibition States.

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TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "A DARK SECRET."

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Opiates in Prison.

The addiction of convicts to the drug habits has long been a feature of American criminology, but hitherto the solution of the mystery as to whence and how the prisoners obtained the drugs, from the effects of which they were found to be suffering, has baffled the ingenuity of all the authorities. At last the secret has, by the merest accident, at the Sing Sing Penitentiary, been discovered.

Among the communications allowed to reach the cells from the outside world, for years past embossed picture postcards have largely figured, and the delight of prisoners at the receipt of these has often been the subject of comment. The presence has now been detected, under the embossing, of fine white powders and small pills—concentrated forms of various drugs.

* * *

Police and Their Powers.

The police are making creditable use of the new powers conferred on them, and are working the White Slave Act for all that it is worth—which is much in the present, and may be more in the future. But it is worse than foolish—it is mischievous—to expect too much from them.

For instance, some days ago the daughter of a suburban hair-dresser was decoyed from home by a bogus message that she was urgently wanted by a lady customer, who had sent a taxi-cab for her.

Writing to the Press, a neighbour complains that "the police, as usual, were helpless, and could devise no means of rescue," adding, "surely the horses on every policeman's beat and their occupants are well-known to the police."

Now "surely" to suppose anything of the sort is ridiculous.

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Distressing Story of a Nurse.

The French papers publish a distressing story of the experiences of a young hospital nurse who, under the pretence of an engagement as travelling companion, was taken

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

via Italy, to a notorious house of infamy in Buenos Ayres, where she was held practically a prisoner until she found means to communicate with the French Consul, who sent her home.

She alleges that among her fellow-prisoners at Buenos Ayres were (and presumably still are) twelve French girls, nine of them under age; one of the latter being the child of well-to-do parents at Neuilly, from whose home she "mysteriously disappeared" some time ago.

This statement has caused general concern in France, and a magisterial investigation has been opened into the whole subject of the rescued nurse's revelations.

* * *

National Service.

Presenting to Lord Roberts the birthday gift of the National Service League, Lord Curzon remarked that to be made a plank in the platform of any political party would be disastrous to the League, whose objects could only be attained by agreement between prominent men of both parties—victory could only be won if the democracy were won for their cause. There was nothing Lord Roberts would welcome more than a round-table conference on the subject.

In his speech of thanks to the donors, the veteran Field-Marshal remarked: "For the last six years every conceivable attempt had been made to raise a Home Defence Army on the voluntary system, and the result is, as is now generally acknowledged, that time, which is so precious, money and energy have been utterly wasted."

This is going too far and saying too much. Whatever their shortcomings, the Territorials do not represent an "utter waste of time, money and energy," and that they do so is not "generally acknowledged."

* * *

Panama Canal Tolls.

The Panama Canal question, as between Great Britain and the United States, is neither dead nor sleeping. Senator Root's speech in the Senate the other day has, it is to be hoped, touched up the American conscience. Tracing the history of the Treaties between his own and this country, the speaker showed clearly that the former undertook deliberately and specifically to grant equal rights to all, and had obtained control of the Panama zone on that condition alone. Failing the repeal of the Canal Toll law, he urged that America had no alternative to arbitration, declaring that: "To refuse to arbitrate because there is a chance of losing would be to make us a by-word and the laughing-stock of the nations."

* * *

Blowing Himself Out.

The prince and king of malingers has been discovered in Cirencester Infirmary, where a casual named Kelly has been enjoying all the privileges of special treatment as an isolated patient suffering from mumps. He made 'em himself. They were removable mumps. He had hit on an ingenious dodge by which he was able to inflate his own parotid glands, thus producing mock mumps which had all the appearance but none of the pain of real mumps. When he had no further occasion for mumps he could deflate himself. Kelly's mumps are a record in malingering.

* * *

"The Unwritten Law."

The acquiescence of the French mind in the teaching of the "unwritten law" of private revenge for marital infidelity was amazingly illustrated in Paris a few days ago, at the trial of a woman for shooting her husband's mistress.

Speaking for the prosecution, the Deputy-Attorney-General suavely and most politely remarked "If madam had killed her unfaithful husband we should have had nothing to say"!

* * *

"Flogging for Drunkards!"

Tremendous importance would be added to the question "when is a man drunk?" if the startling proposal of Dr. Miller that drunkards should be flogged were ever to reach the stage of serious discussion. Lecturing to the Medical Society of London, Dr. Miller—who was quite sober—urged that "we should be kind to flog the chronic alcoholic early."

The only thing that a drunkard felt, he remarked, was physical pain; and that was the one thing they did not use, because they were not sufficiently scientific, and because they were too sentimental. Because they were too lily-livered to beat the man who beat his wife, therefore in the name of humanity the wife had to go on being beaten.

It is quite clear that as a believer in the efficacy of the lash, and an advocate for its extended application, the doctor is a whole-hogger. It is a pity that that arresting phrase of his "lily-livered," cannot be protected by copyright.

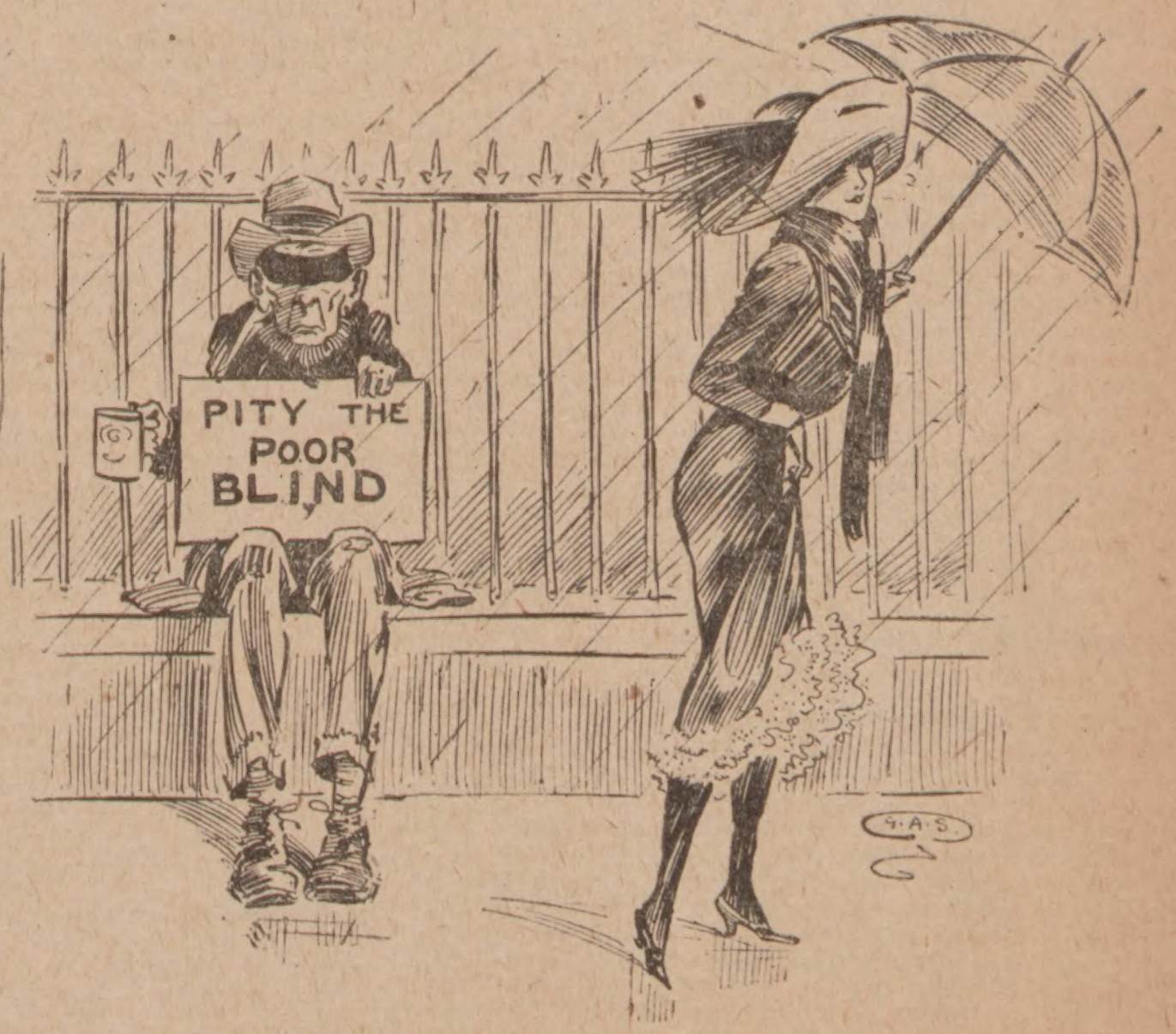
* * *

India's Brave Viceroy.

Lord Hardinge, not yet fully recovered, and with his right arm still in a sling, opened in person the first Session of the Legislative Council in Delhi. Referring to the dastardly outrage of which he was intended to be the chief victim—a fate from which he so narrowly escaped—the Viceroy said: "In my desire for kindly intercourse with the people and accessibility to them, I have always discouraged excessive precautions, and trusted myself and Lady Hardinge more to the care of the people than to that of the police.

"If it was an error, it was an error I am proud of, and I believe it may yet prove not to have been entirely mistaken confidence, for out of evil good may come. Whatever I may feel on the subject of the crime itself, I only wish to assure you and the whole of India that this incident will in no sense influence my attitude. I will pursue without faltering the same policy in the future as during the past two years, and will not waver a hair's breadth from that course."

Lord Hardinge, your countrymen are proud of you. It was fearlessness, devotion, singleness, sincerity and consistency of purpose, such as yours, that won the Empire—and only the qualities that won it can keep it.



IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN" SECURE PROPRIETARY INTEREST

WHY THE ROYAL HONEYMOON WAS BROKEN

AMAZING STORY OF A HAPSBURG PRINCESS WHO WAS FORCED TO MARRY AGAINST HER WILL.

In the following narrative is contained for the first time the real story of the ill-fated marriage which took place in February of last year between Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the Austrian Archduchess Isabella. Our readers may remember that from the earliest hours of the nuptial state the young people found themselves at loggerheads, and that after less than four days as a wife the Archduchess suddenly left her husband and returned to her father's palace in Vienna.

The Custom for Centuries.

For several centuries it has been almost the custom for the Royal houses of Austria and Bavaria to look to each other for brides and bridegrooms. Not to go back farther than the present aged Emperor of Austria, it may be noted that His Imperial Majesty is himself the son of an Austrian archduke and a Bavarian princess. The Emperor himself married a Bavarian princess; and his eldest daughter, the Archduchess Gisela, married a Bavarian prince.

Their son, Prince George of Bavaria, whose extraordinary honeymoon is the subject of this narrative, therefore had precedents for three generations when he went to Austria for a bride last February.

It will be easily seen, therefore, that the affinity between the two couples was about as close as it could well be. And it may be added that the Emperor of Austria's grandfather, as well as his father, also married a Bavarian princess.

But the Archduchess Isabella, the unhappy bride of Prince George, is not quite so closely related to the Bavarians. The Austrian Royal Family are mainly the representatives of the old Emperor and the descendants of two of his brothers. The rest of the Austrian archdukes and archduchesses (apart from the non-reigning branches of Tuscany and Modena, who need not here be counted) are the descendants of the brothers of the Emperor's grandfather, one of whom is the Archduke Frederick, Duke of Taschen, who was born in 1856, and married a Princess of Croy.

Their daughter is the Archduchess Isabella, the cause of whose marital misery is here explained?

Now this branch of the Austrian Royal house has for generations repudiated the custom which has been so continually maintained in the direct line of looking to Bavaria for alliance. The archdukes and archduchesses of this branch of the House of Hapsburg number about twenty, but only once since the year 1844 have they broken through the rule of never allying themselves with the Wittelsbachs.

And the reason for this is the well-known and incurable malady with which the Bavarian Family have been so severely stricken for generations.

When the present King of Bavaria came to the throne of his ancestors thirty years ago he was already an incurable maniac, so that in reality he has never reigned.

It is computed that during the last hundred years no less than twenty members of the Bavarian Royal house have been afflicted with madness. It is also well known that the malady invariably asserts itself virulently in every third generation of the Wittelsbachs.

From such a stock the Austrian archdukes of the line of the Archduke Charles (1771-1847) have carefully kept free. They have invariably married into the Royal houses of Spain, Austria, and Wurttemburg, and the lesser German princely families, and they are a strong, virile race. But the Bavarian family, in accordance with a rule frequently exemplified since the days when Napoleon I. enhanced them into a kingly family, have refused alliances with the German houses, and it is still to the Hapsburgs that they always look for suitable alliances.

Infatuation for an Officer.

When, therefore, a year or so ago, a marriage was desired by Prince George of Bavaria, it was the most natural thing in the world—his mother being the eldest daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph—that he should do likewise. But, curiously enough, the line of Francis Joseph just now has a paucity of eligible princesses, all the most desirable young ladies of the family having already married, and frequently morganatically, and "for love." Consequently, Prince George had to turn to that branch of the Hapsburgs who are not upon mating terms with the Wittelsbachs.

Out of this dilemma he was helped by the Emperor himself. Needless to say, the chosen princess was not even consulted in the matter. She had been carefully reared, and is in every way a charming, vivacious girl, good looking and sprightly, and very desirable as a bride. But she is a self-willed young lady, and the first of her prejudices is a violent antipathy to the mad Wittelsbachs of Bavaria.

Now comes the romantic element in the story. Her father is not only the wealthiest of the Austrian archdukes, but he is a great soldier and a Field-Marshal of the Austrian army. About his palace crowds of officers and aides-de-camps may always be seen, and from a private and highly reliable source at Pressbourg I learn that it has been an open secret for two years that Archduchess Isabella has been violently in love with an officer of the 52nd Hungarian infantry.

I learn that the Princess made no secret of her infatuation, and that she put the matter to her father and mother nearly two years ago, and that they immediately secured the translation of the officer to another part of the country.

Archduchess Isabella then decided to appeal to the Emperor, and Francis Joseph gave the princess an audience and listened very patiently to his young relative's plaint. But he pointed out that, notwithstanding that he had sanctioned the marriage of his own granddaughter with an officer, that gentleman (Prince Otto of Windisch-Graetz) was a nobleman of the best blood in the country. On the other hand, it is unfortunately the fact that the officer with whom Archduchess Isabella was so violently in love is the grandson of a leather-tnner of Vienna, and the Emperor pointed out that such a match could never receive the Imperial sanction.

Prince and Chorus Girl.

Archduchess Isabella was broken-hearted at the Emperor's attitude, and she returned to Pressbourg. Then it was that the alliance with Prince George of Bavaria was hurried on. Prince George has so far shown no signs of the hereditary malady of the Wittelsbachs, but he is well-known to have had liaisons of a very dubious character, and being now well over thirty, he had settled down more or less to an alliance with a lass who was formerly in the chorus at the Munich Opera House.

In consequence, Archduchess Isabella flatly refused to marry Prince George, and though her mother sided with her in her resolve, the Emperor persuaded Archduke Frederick to consent to the union, and eventually the marriage was arranged.

Unhappy at the Ceremony.

Up till then Archduchess Isabella had never even seen Prince George, and his photograph did not inspire her. Prince George is a very fair and insipid-looking young man without character, and not a particularly good soldier.

However, after many moving scenes, the young Archduchess was taken to the Schonbrunn Palace in Vienna and there married to Prince George, the Emperor attending the wedding, with a large crowd of other Austrian royalties. It was seen at the ceremony that the bride was supremely unhappy, and no good future was prophesied for the bridal pair.

And, for once in a way, the dismal anticipations were realised. A closer acquaintance with Prince George merely served to deepen the Archduchess's aversion to the Wittelsbach, and it has now leaked out that the marriage was never consummated, the bridal couple agreeing to remain apart until they were more harmoniously inclined. After three days of marriage the Archduchess, who felt supremely miserable the whole time, summarily packed her trunks and returned to Vienna.

Prince George followed his wife to Vienna, and tried to induce her to return, and promised to give up his light love from the opera, but the Archduchess was adamant, and only after some weeks was she prevailed upon to rejoin him.

She soon left him again, this time for good, and all the efforts of her relatives, including the Austrian Emperor, to reconcile her to her husband having utterly failed, the union has now been cancelled by the Special Senate of the Bavarian Supreme Court.

The ultimate fate of Archduchess Isabella will be keenly noted, and I learn that she has frequently threatened to seek out her soldier-lover, and is now under severe restraint.

CHELMSFORD READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

SOME OVERSEA HUMOUR.

APPLIED TO BOTH.

At a mass meeting in a small country town a large quantity of refreshments were distributed to keep the audience in good humour. The first speaker rose after the noise had ceased to some extent and began his speech by saying:

"The old hall is full to-night," but here his voice was drowned by the confusion. When it had subsided, he began again by saying,

"The old hall is full to-night."

He paused for rhetorical effect, and a thick voice in the back of the hall said slowly and deliberately,

"So is old Bill Horn."

The meeting then broke up.—*Kansas City Star.*

* * *

EMPHATIC.

"Good evening, my young friend," said the Rev. Tidbits to a young man who was passing by, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed sir," was the answer, "every Sunday night, and I'm on my way to see her now."—*Said and Done.*

YOUNG.

Mrs. Murphy (in the museum): Shure, they say this Venus thing is two thousand years old.

Mr. Murphy: Talk about holdin' wan's age! she don't look over twinty!—"Puck.."

THE WAY IT SOUNDED.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed impatiently, "I'm sure we shall miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, "this is so sudden!"—*Newark Star.*

* * *

AN ENTERTAINER.

Diggs: My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours ——

Biggs: Get out!

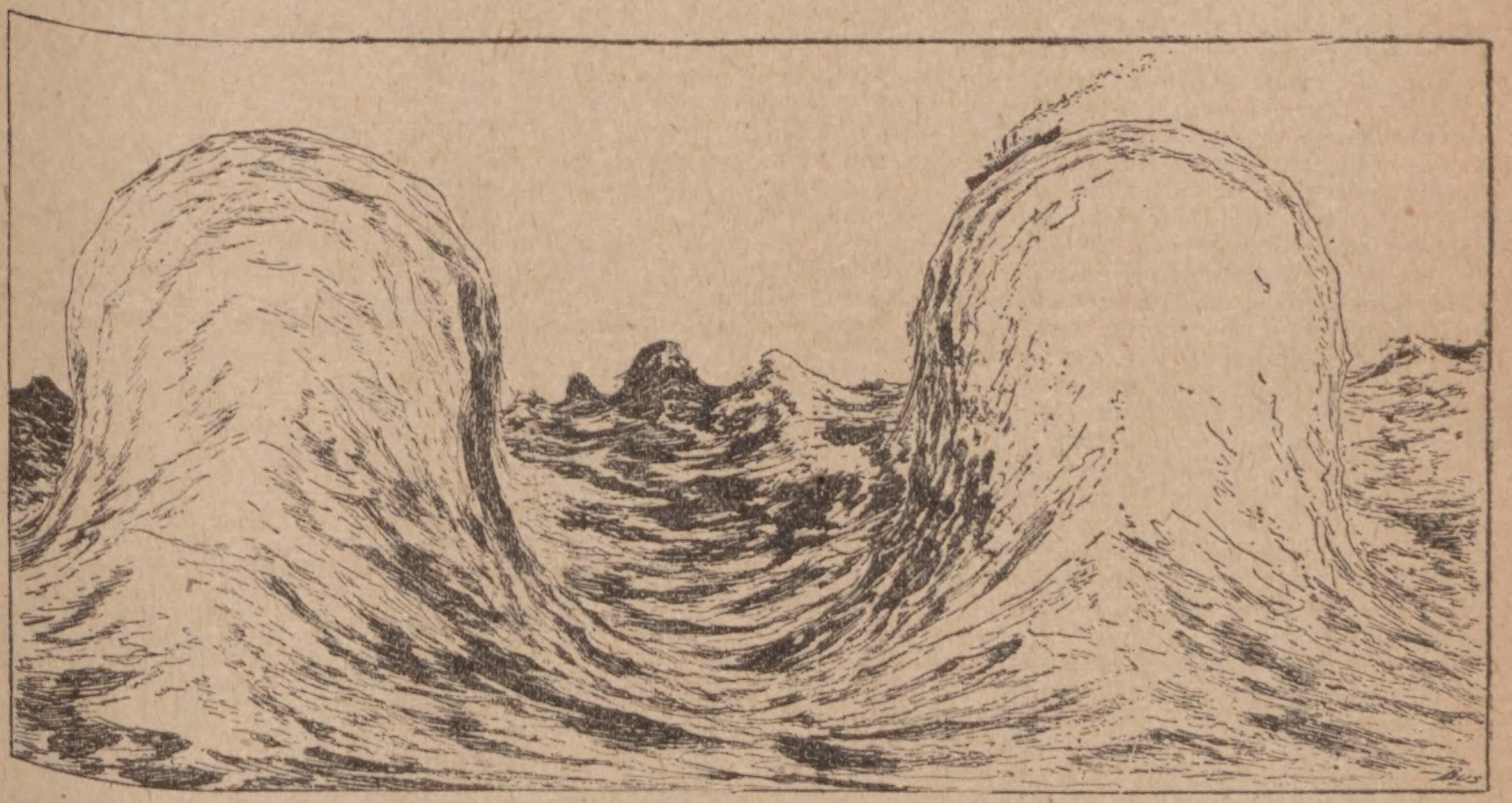
Diggs: After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.—*Tennesseean.*

* * *

THE LOVE LIGHT IN THEIR EYES.

She turned down the gas, yet it was bright as day. "What shall we do?" she cried in despair.

"Wait a moment dear," he said, after deep thought. Then he went out and bought two pairs of dark glasses.—*Chaparral.*



THE IMPRESSION OF A SEASICK PASSENGER.—*New York Judge.*

THE RULING PASSION.

The taxicab driver was about to receive his sentence.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "I am satisfied there is no reasonable doubt of your guilt. The evidence shows that you drove the deceased about the city in your taxicab for two hours, then drove him to a secluded place, strangled him, and stole his watch. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

"Yes, your honour."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to know, your honour, who is going to pay the cab-hire?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

Boy Scout: 'Ere, Gladys, who yer cuddlin'?

Girl ditto: I ain't cuddlin' yer. I'm only being a sister to yer.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A PRIME ROAST.

Jovial Butcher: "Lamb, eh? Sure, an' I can pick you a nice little leg, just your size."

Customer: "Why, Mr. Cleaver! How dare you!"

FORTUNATE.

Kitty: Isn't it a most fortunate thing?

Ethel: What?

Kitty: That people can't read the kisses that have been printed upon a girl's lips.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

* * *

SORRY HE SPOKE.

He (his arm around her): What a dainty wrist you have, honey!

She: That isn't my wrist, dearie! That's the ankle of the man beside me!—*Puck.*

* * *

STIMULANTS.

Casey: Before Nolan married he said he needed a wife to straighten him up; something for a "bracer."

Murphy: An' now that he's married her he finds he's got a "chaser."

IF YOU WANT SHARES SEND WITHOUT DELAY.

A MOORLAND TRAGEDY.

HOW A YOUNG SOLDIER GOT HIS DISCHARGE.

The inn was unpromising, but George Lake would have been content with the veriest hovel on that particular night. Several miles away the engine of his machine had broken down and he had to fight against a terrible wind and rain over the rough moorland road.

Old Beadmore was none too well pleased to learn that the motor-cyclist required lodgings for the night. He disliked bicycles and he hated motors, for the old man lived in the days that were past; every change that had taken place since his middle age was distasteful to him. The cyclist would require attention, a bed would have to be prepared for him and supper got ready, and the old man had no energy to spare.

The newcomer introduced himself as George Lake, informed the landlord that he was cycling from Birmingham to Edinburgh, and assured him that he would be grateful for any accommodation which was available.

Ten minutes later Lake was satisfying the demands of his inner man and was endeavouring meanwhile to draw his landlord into conversation, but the old man answered him in monosyllables, and the visitor finished the meal in silence. Just as he was turning his chair round to the fire old Meg came into the room and intimated that his bedroom was ready.

"I'll show you the way to it now," said Beadmore.

"But I don't want to turn in for a good while yet," replied his guest. "I want to smoke for a bit and to study my road map."

"I daresay you do," replied Beadmore, "but I'm going off to bed myself, and unless I show you the room now you are never likely to find it."

Lake was more amused than annoyed at the landlord's extraordinary manner.

"Well," he said, "if I am not going to see you again to-night I had better hand over my money to you now. I always make it a practice to give my cash into the charge of the landlord. I don't suppose you are troubled much with burglars out here, but still I shall feel obliged if you will take charge of this purse for me till the morning."

With that he followed him upstairs and, having seen that everything was right in his room, he returned alone to the bar-parlour. He had scarcely seated himself when the door opened and a young cavalryman entered.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "Is my grandfather anywhere about?"

"If you mean the landlord," said Lake, "he has gone to bed."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the soldier. "I am not disappointed. He's a nice old chap, but he's worse than a mother-in-law for making a fellow report himself whenever he comes in or goes out. I've spent the best part of my furlough here, and he has kept me tied to his apron strings the whole time."

Young Beadmore, for he bore his grandfather's name, was more than pleased to find someone to talk to. The old man had lost his wife, his only son, and every other relative except this grandson, and the milk of human kindness which he economised so carefully as far as the rest of the world was concerned, he lavished bountifully upon the young soldier. On the death of his parents the young man had joined the Army and thus inflicted a severe blow on old Beadmore, for he hoped that his grandson might come to live with him and might finally succeed him in the business, although that had now become so scanty as to be scarcely able to support the landlord himself.

While the two young men were chatting, the old servant entered the room and beckoned to young Beadmore to follow her.

"Your grandfather's in the kitchen," she said, when he had accompanied her into the passage. "He went up to bed, but he has come down again and he wants to see you."

Old Beadmore looked up from the dying embers of the kitchen fire as he heard his grandson approach.

"Look here!" he said. "Once and for all, I wish you'd leave the Army and stop here for good. The business is not what it might be, but you could work it up. Perhaps you're thinking, though, that I'd be very dull company."

The soldier had not the remotest intention of leaving the Army, for he liked the life, and he dreaded above all things the unspeakable dulness of this deserted hostelry, but that was a reason he could scarcely give without offending his grandfather.

"No, no," he urged, "don't think I find your company dull, or that I would not meet your wishes, if I could. But you know, as well as I do, that the £18 I'd have to pay for a discharge could not be raised though we both tried our hardest; so, as my return to civil life is out of the question for some years to come, don't let us discuss it further."

* * * *

About an hour later—young Beadmore had gone—the old man stretched his apron tightly across his knees and turned out into the lap so formed the contents of the purse which his visitor had entrusted to him. There was some silver, but gold pieces predominated, and as the old innkeeper ranged them before him he found that they totalled something over £20.

"Enough to buy young Will's discharge," he muttered, "and he said to-night that we could not raise the money. Neither I could, so far as he knew, but Providence has sent this into my hands. I should be a fool to let the chance pass by, and I am not a fool."

Selecting a knife from the dresser, he blew out the candle and went silently along the passage. His foot was on the bottom step of the stairs when he muttered "Perhaps he has not gone to bed yet," and turned towards the door of the bar-parlour.

Beneath the door appeared only the faint glimmer of firelight, and the innkeeper knew that the candle was out. Silently lifting the latch he pushed the door open and entered.

Seated at the table was the figure of a young man. A road map was unfolded before him, and he seemed to have been overcome with sleep while studying it, for his head was resting on his folded arms above the map.

"And that," said old Beadmore to himself, "is all that stands between me and the money that will buy Will's discharge."

For a moment his face was contorted with anger; the next his hand flashed in the air, a knife blade gleamed in the light of the dying fire, and then the steel was sheathed in the back of the figure before him.

The knife did its work quickly, for there came not even a groan from his victim. The man fell over sideways upon the floor and the chair itself crashed against the table.

"I hope I haven't wakened the house," muttered old Beadmore. "I must get this body out and bury it at once."

As he stooped down to seize his victim's shoulders, the door opened. Someone struck a match and advanced into the room.

"I think I left my map down here. I might want it in the morning, so I've come to fetch it."

The voice was George Lake's.

"My God!" cried old Beadmore, wrenching at the body on the floor and turning it over till he could see its face. "What is this? My dear boy Will dead, and by my own hand!"

And, before Lake could stop him, he seized the knife and plunged it in his own breast.

It was not till the inquest that the facts were explained, and even then much of it had to be mere surmise.

Old Beadmore has mistaken the figure of his grandson for that of his guest.

Young Will had got his discharge.

YACHTSMAN'S TREASURED CURIO.

Of his yachting trips, Lord Brassey has many stories to tell. His lordship has a treasured curio in his house at Park Lane—a child's toy schooner which he picked up while cruising in the Southern Indian Ocean many miles from the "beaten track."

No other craft was in sight at the time, and how the toy model ever reached those latitudes is a mystery which his lordship was so anxious to solve that on returning home he advertised with a view to finding the owner.

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY, SECURE SHARES NOW.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Why is it that the score-writing husband of a well-known musical comedy actress, although so notoriously jealous of her in the ordinary way, seems to regard with such complacency her entirely unconcealed and repeated meetings with the Duke of ——?

* * *

Why was the over-dressed individual in trousers, accompanied by another of his kidney, so very fastidious over the selection of a pair of men's "corsets" in a Strand hosier's last Monday night?

* * *

What was the nature of the contents of the dirty envelope left in a No. 9 motor-'bus one afternoon last week between Barnes and Knightsbridge by a smartly attired woman? And why did she, after alighting, dash after the 'bus in a taxi, to recover the packet, which she was successful in doing just before the former vehicle reached the Hyde Park Hotel?

* * *

Why is a certain club, not a thousand miles from Shaftesbury Avenue, so frequently visited by comedians and other members of the theatrical and variety professions who specialise in "female impersonations"?

* * *

Why was it that the Somersetshire parson stopped short in his sermon, after making vain efforts to articulate for five minutes, yesterday (Sunday) week?

* * *

What did a journalist's wife find to do in the neighbourhood of Dover Street during her husband's absence with a male friend at an evening performance at the London Hippodrome? And why did she so strenuously assert that she had not left home that evening? And has not the husband done a very wise thing in leaving her?

* * *

Why does a prominent water-colour painter wear a false beard and moustache when taking the air in Bushey Park? And does he really suppose that this will really help him to avoid the unpleasant action which he apprehends?

* * *

How much does the retired Anglo-Indian official give the Jermyn Street billiard marker for his friendly assistance at the score-board whenever the former plays a game with a "friend"?

* * *

Who is the individual who is obtaining —or attempting to obtain—advertisements from big firms for a legal publication supposed to be published shortly by him? Is he really a retired Army officer? And is the publication ever likely actually to see the light?

* * *

What is the attraction for the *jeunesse dorée* of London—and the lasses of the village as well—constituted by a rather dingy house at Highbury? And is the solution to be discovered in the fancy dress—or rather undress—balls which are a frequent occurrence there?

* * *

Who was the rollicker who frantically telephoned a West End police station the other night, to the effect that he had burglars in his flat—and then prepared a highly successful "booby trap" for the zealous constables who arrived in haste? And what was his social standing, that no subsequent action was taken against him?

* * *

Why does a well-known referee so often entertain equally well-known boxers at his private house? And who were the very "useful" men who came to his aid the other evening in Cornhill, when he was accosted by a big man of threatening demeanour?

* * *

We advise the sister of one of the "lads of the village"—lately deceased—not to continue her laudable but in the circumstances somewhat foolish practice of paying money to other "lads of the village" who write to her brother, pretending to be ignorant of his death, and reminding him of certain entirely fictitious amounts owing for loans.

Why did a baronet, after successfully enlisting the services of Scotland Yard to find his daughter who had been missing for three months, apparently willingly allow her to return to the obscurity in which she had been living during that time?

* * *

What is the name of the prominent racing owner who is rumoured to be trembling somewhat over possible action that may be taken regarding him by the National Hunt Committee over the scratching of one of his horses recently?

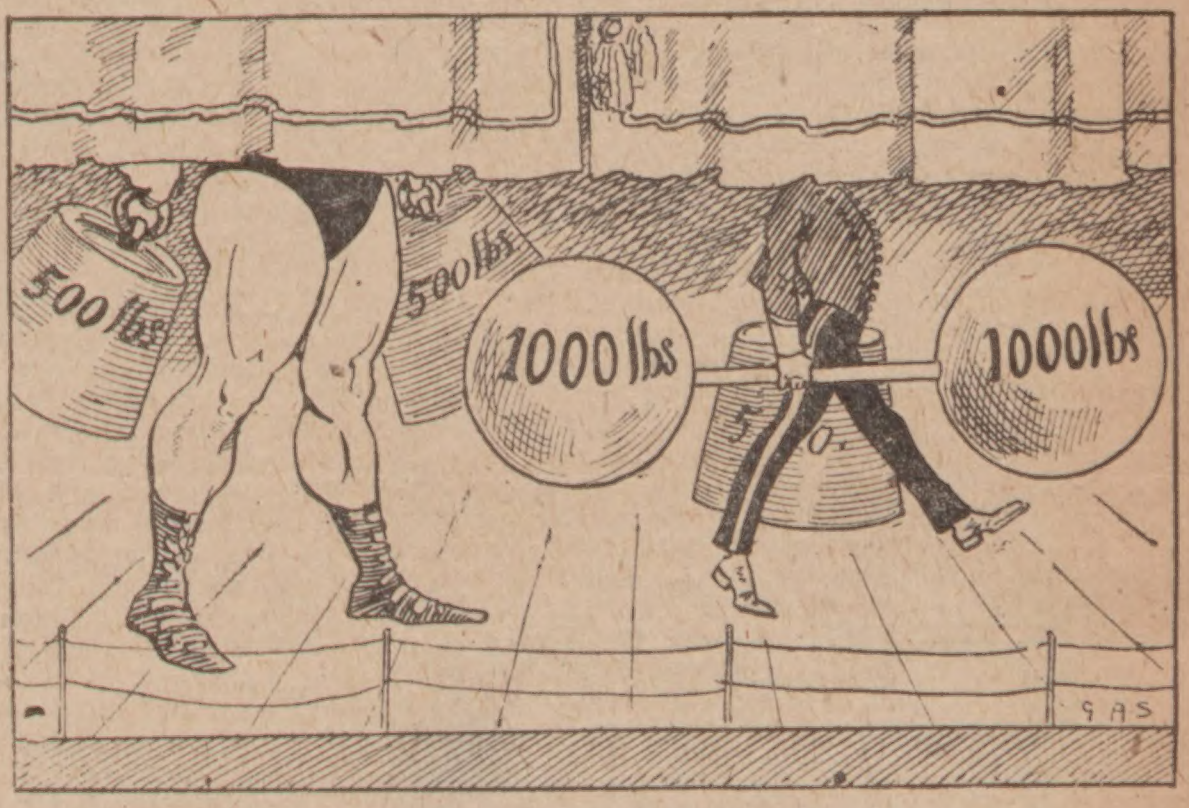
* * *

Who was the violent lady who rushed up to the Irish comedian outside a professional club in the Charing Cross Road? And why, though he at first tried to avoid her, did he afterwards drive with her in a taxi to St. Pancras Station?

* * *

Why has the wife of a rising barrister been requested by a well-known co-operative society to sell her shares in the concern? And has it anything to do with the little *esclandre* at the head establishment recently, when another lady's reticule was found in her muff?

* * *



A TRIFLE PREMATURE.

We wonder whether a publication of the real facts concerning the recent "Golf Club" action brought by a lady player would be entirely pleasing to all parties concerned.

* * *

What was the nature of the communication made recently to the Earl of —— by a butler formerly employed by him? And why did the latter promptly receive notes—not a cheque—for £250?

* * *

How much did the lady in black with an ermine muff and stole give the constable in Whitehall who was about to arrest her last Tuesday night?

* * *

How much longer will it be before certain "City Editors" of newspapers publish the name—and all the attendant facts—of the shady financier who is trying to enlist their assistance in the flotation of a big swindle shortly?

* * *

What was the reason of the Kilburn solicitor's flurry when he inadvertently dropped a safety-matchbox from his pocket at a tea-party given by his wife?

* * *

Why does a Fleet Street Press Agent carry two cigarette cases—one full, and the other with a solitary cigarette in it?

* * *

Is not a fairly important official of a railway company feeling rather nervous just now with regard to charges which are being made in connection with organised ticket-collecting frauds?

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

London bakers have threatened to strike for higher wages. They declare that at present they knead more than they get.

* * *

Two valuable paintings were recently stolen from an art gallery in America. Another result of the craze for moving pictures.

* * *

Gaby Deslys is reported to have lost £15,000 worth of jewels. We understand that she has still more than enough to cover her bare expenditure.

* * *

Every boy attending the Westminster School for Waiters is guaranteed a good appointment on leaving. Nevertheless they will have to wait to earn a living.

* * *

"Only five out of ninety men have well-creased trousers," says an observer who has been studying dress in Piccadilly. In "following" fashions men are behind some of the women of Piccadilly.

* * *

"Many English girls possess a figure identical in proportions with the famous Venus de Milo statue," says the *Daily Mirror*. But although the measurements may be the same, the figures may be different.

* * *

A good many girls claim to be perfect except in the ankle. This is very obvious on a rainy day.

* * *

All the women at a bachelors' dinner given by a New York bride were dressed as men. Americans have always been notorious for such breaches of convention.

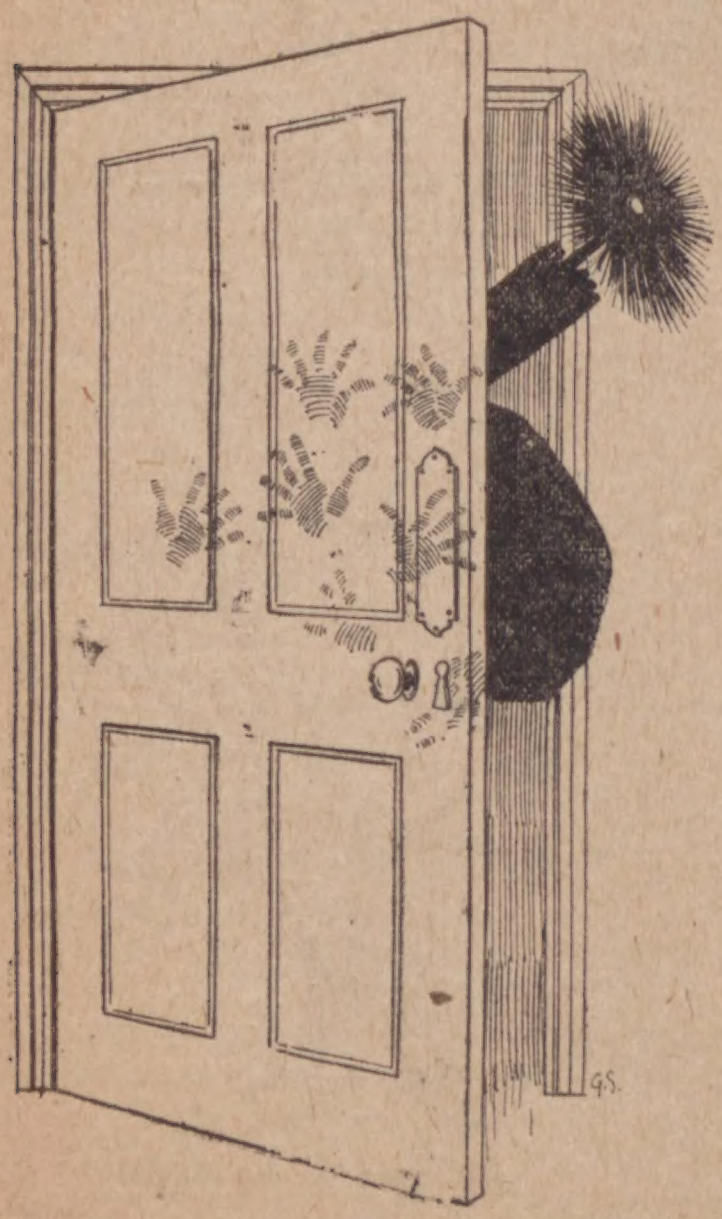
* * *

"If you want a woman's character you must go to her servants for it" (Kate Horn). Servants have a nasty habit of taking away their mistresses' characters.

* * *

"This is to be a black and white season," says the *Daily Mail*. This statement refers to dress and not to drinks.

* * *



Our Insurance Note: "On the Panel."

SNARED GIRLS.

Beware of Advertising Adventurers.

Many traps are set and sprung by means of the perverted use of the advertisement columns of newspapers and other periodicals. It is a truism among those "in the know" that the facilities of the religious and denominational Press are largely abused by victim-hunters of various brands, the pious titles and genuinely high character of these journals being regarded by simple-minded readers as a sort of guarantee that there can't be anything fraudulent or bogus in the paid-for announcements accepted by their proprietors for insertion.

Profitable "Matrimonial Column."

No class of objectionable advertisement is responsible for more mischief, evil and ruin than are the "matrimonial advertisements" that find their way into all sorts of papers.

We could instance case after case in which those responsible for the conduct of reputable publications have—to their credit—abolished a profitable "matrimonial column" or other space because of what they have had to learn of the real object hidden by the specious phraseology of alleged wife-seekers. But this honourable sacrifice in individual cases has, it is feared, only sent the advertisers elsewhere. The rule of the best periodicals to exclude all matrimonial advertisements should be the rule of all respectable papers, but as a matter of fact, many other respectable as well as wholly non-respectable publications accept them without demur.

To such proprietors as may sin in this way in ignorance a case tried by Judge Rentoul at the Old Bailey the other day should serve as an eye-opener. In its main characteristics it was typical of scores and hundreds of cases.

Sent to Penal Servitude.

An individual calling himself Percy Lewin was put away for five years for stealing money and a trunk belonging to a young lady whom he had lured to London from Lowestoft "with a view to marriage," he being already a married man with several children. He did go through a bogus wedding ceremony with his Lowestoft victim, after which he lived with her—at the same time making proposals of "marriage" to another woman in Liverpool.

With both these women he had got into touch by advertising for a "wife." In the case of the advertisement that brought to London the girl whose ruin he accomplished, he signified a loathsome preference for some nice young woman "in trouble" (nothing of the sort was even suggested, it should be said, against the foolish creature who was decoyed into his net).

Whatever may be thought of the brains and propensities of women and girls who respond to the matrimonial overtures of advertising adventurers, few of them suspect the real purpose of the men they write to. No opportunity should be lost of repeating our warning.

REAL TRAGEDIES ON THE STAGE.

The tragic death of Mr. Van Biene, the well-known 'cellist at Brighton Hippodrome, recalls other instances of well-known men dying on the stage.

Sir Henry Irving, it will be remembered, was playing "Becket" at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, and had just spoken the prelate's dying line, "Into Thy hands, O Lord," when the swift and really fatal end came.

Samuel Phelps, the greatest and most varied tragedian and comedian within the memory of living playgoers, was giving his ever-memorable performance of Cardinal Wolsey at the old Aquarium Theatre, Westminster, and had just reached the well-known line, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," when he fell to the stage, uttering the last line on the boards.

Another striking instance occurred a few years ago at the Novelty Theatre, now the Kinsgway. A rising young actor named Temple Crozier died on the stage during the performance. He was accidentally stabbed in the mimic duel in which he was supposed to be killed.

One of the chief examples of deaths on the stage which occurred before our time was that of Edmund Kean.

Kean was playing the death-doomed Othello. He had come to the speech wherein the distracted Moor has to exclaim "Othello's occupation gone!" when he fell and never spoke again.

READ THE INTERESTING NEWS IN "MY NOTEBOOK." SEE PAGE 1866

"SIR" MASTER MARINER.

"Modern Man" Reader and his Views.

Our recent article under the heading "'Sir' Master Mariner" has brought much appreciative correspondence, and below appears one of the many messages received:—

SIR,—For about eighteen months I have read your paper every week without a break. Of all the excellent and practical suggestions of national interest and importance of which you have made a comparatively recent feature, one of the best and most valuable is, to my mind, that a knighthood be bestowed by our Sailor King on a sailorman—a master mariner. May I make the remark that the most suitable recipient of this honour would be the commodore of one of our great passenger fleets?

For one thing, such a man, as the long-service commander of a big liner, would be in a better financial position to support the dignity than the captains of privately-owned smaller ships, who are notoriously under-paid most scandalously. As for the fees that I believe are payable to somebody on investiture, there can scarcely be a firm of owners so stingy, and I will so short-sighted, as not to insist on defraying these for any one of their own captains who might be chosen by His Majesty.

This honouring of one member of a most honourable calling would reflect honour on every other master mariner, and on every officer of the whole service. It would also be more than a personal honour in another sense, for it would be a Royal recognition of the glorious record of bravery and heroism and self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of the British Mercantile Marine.

I know these men, sir—these master mariners. I know them afloat and in danger as well as ashore and in safety. I endorse every word you say in their praise. I share to the full your admiration of their splendid qualities of head and heart, and on my own account I should like to add that I have sometimes felt ashamed by the simple, manly, true piety of so many of them. I have been intimately acquainted with numerous really religious sea officers, and never came across a single one who was a canter or a hypocrite. I agree with you that the interests of our Empire are inseparable from the interests of our merchant sailormen. It is up to us to see that something is done to elevate their calling. What you propose would focus the attention of the whole country on the needs and wrongs of the service, and redress would follow.

That service, as regards its officers, would take its proper place among the professions. I think you might have made more of the quick and permanent good results that would be assured to it and therefore to the nation by the step which you plead should be taken—for the first time in our history. I earnestly hope that something more will be heard of your idea.

Yours faithfully,
ROGER DE MALAHIDE.

FIRST BISHOP TO SMOKE.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who has been rebuked by the Vicar of Brigstock for indulging in the pleasure of a pipe, may comfort himself by the reflection that many "of the cloth" have enjoyed the weed. For instance, Spurgeon smoked a cigar "to the glory of God," as he put it in plain English, and Dean Aldrich, an Oxford professor of music, actually wrote "a smoking catch, to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear."

The first prelate who smoked was Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London and father of the dramatist. He was suspended by Queen Elizabeth, who had previously found fault with him for cutting his beard too short and for marrying a second wife, whereupon he retired to Chelsea. Here, says Camden, he "smothered his cares by immoderate use of tobacco," and died suddenly while smoking his pipe in his easy chair.

ESSEX READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 13 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In connection with our No. 13 Football Competition, an Essex reader succeeded in giving fourteen correct results out of the matches played, and therefore takes the prize of £25. The fortunate person is—

L. SIMPSON, 16, HALL STREET, CHELMSFORD.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Sketches and News from Stageland.

I wish the daily Press would not make such a big business of Sir Herbert Tree's visit to Russia. In tones of awe one of my colleagues ask: "What can it portend?" Nothing more portentous, *mes amis*, than a Russian production at most. Anyway, it won't ensure everlasting peace in the Balkans. *Bon voyage* to our foremost actor knight.

* *

CARL HERTZ ASKS OUR ARTIST FOR THE LOAN OF HIS WATCH—A NASTY TRICK.

The above distinguished gentleman's brother, Mr. Max Beerbohm, is the author of "A Social Success," now being played, rather more sociably than successfully, by Sir Geo. Alexander at the Palace on his first venture into variety.

* *

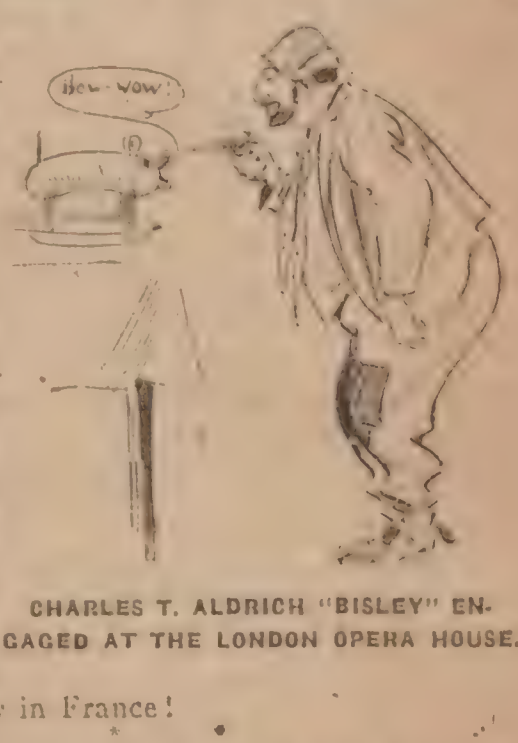
Now Sir John Hare and Sir Chas. Wyndham will perhaps complete the list of titled actors to appear in variety. I make a present of the suggestion to Messrs. Butt and Stoll.

* * *

Dear little Elise Craven has been taken under Mr. George Edwardes' wing. If he can only produce an improved elocution, we shall soon have a lovely star on Miss Lily Elsie's lines.

* *

My friend and mentor, Mr. Eustace Gray, of minstrel fame, rubs it in that 'Gene Stratton appeared for him at his Palladium show in spite of my notice. But I beg leave to point out that this engagement was superimposed on to his show rather than *of* it, as the contract was for one week only. *Vous ne cachez pas bendent le Modern Man*, as the do *not* say in France!



CHARLES T. ALDRICH "BISLEY" ENGAGED AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

* * *

I have another important and exclusive item this week. Lord Howard de Walden's next production is in rehearsal at the moment; and is instructive comedy of unusual interest. Daily Press please copy anon!

* * *

THE "TREE" OF KNOWLEDGE.

W. R. C. R.

DO NOT FAIL TO JOIN OUR CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

LEAGUE TUSSLES.

Teams and Their Prospects.

Now that the second round for the Cup is through, or rather nearly so, and a number of clubs have no further interest so far as this season's competition is concerned, we can look for some exciting struggles in the various Leagues, more so on the part of those teams who have even a remote chance of gaining another distinction—promotion—and others who must fight very hard, putting in all they know to escape relegation.

It is, perhaps, rather early to make any attempt at naming what teams are going up into the First Division of the English League, since it is very obvious that the struggle between the leaders is going to be quite as close as in former years, but to hazard a guess, I should say that Preston have only to continue to play up to the standard which has landed them in their present position to be one of the two who will displace the Arsenal and another. Who that other will be is, at the moment, on the knees of the Gods. There is such a little in it between the three immediately above the unfortunate "Gunners" that you could easily back two of them in your endeavours to find the other and then lose your money.

The tussle amongst those in the danger zone in the Second Division to retain their position promises to be as keen as that amongst the leaders for promotion, though it already looks as if Blackpool, who are a good deal worse off than any of their neighbours, will have to seek re-election.

The Rangers' Chance.

Whenever I have spoken of the leadership of the Southern League, I have, as my readers are well aware, ventured the prophesy that Queen's Park Rangers would repeat last season's performance, and, though they have a few stiffish obstacles to negotiate, yet I shall be surprised if they do not bear me out.

It is hardly conceivable that a team which at one time was a power in the premier division of the English League should be pottering about amongst a lot of little Welsh clubs, yet this is what is going to happen to Stoke, unless something totally unforeseen occurs between now and the end of the season.

I venture to think that correctly forecasting seven home winners out of eight (the other game was drawn) and two draws in four attempts was not at all bad. I managed this the last time I gave forecasts for League matches in this column, and am hoping that the following will be equally successful.

Home winners: Derby County, Everton, Sunderland, Huddersfield, Lincoln City, Merthyr Town, Queen's Park Rangers and Reading.

Away winners: Newcastle, Oldham, Clapton Orient, Burnley, West Ham.

Draws: Sheffield Wednesday and Aston Villa, Tottenham and Middlesbrough, Birmingham and Preston, Leeds and Leicester, Crystal Palace and Brighton, Northampton and Millwall.

A MARVELLOUS SYSTEM.

At different times, many of our readers have written us concerning Professor Prowse's remarkable system of height increase. The possibility of being able to add from two to three inches to a man's stature, and proportionately improve breadth of shoulder, general health and business personality is, to say the least of it, a piece of striking information and at first sight may seem a trifle uncertain, but, without exception, those of our readers who have placed themselves in Professor Prowse's hands have been more than delighted with the results attained.

Only this week a letter from a supporter beyond the Tweed says: "When I first wrote to Professor Prowse I must say that it was with some little misgiving of his ability to increase my height even a couple of inches, but time—and that very short—has cleared away, once and for all, any doubt there was. I am able to testify to a personal height increase of 2½ inches. It is indeed a marvellous system; simple, as Professor Prowse says, but very effective—which, of course, is the thing."

Professor Prowse's address is 3, North End Chambers, Croydon, and *Modern Man* thoroughly recommends him to readers desirous of increasing their height.

MY NOTE BOOK.

"MODERN MAN" JOY DAYS.

What a week! Messenger boys, telephone calls, telegrams, and big post-bags. *Modern Man* shilling shares. Clearly *Modern Man* celebrated six joy days in the week. "Your co-operative scheme is tremendous; the idea is an excellent one; thanks for letting me share your success"—such are the remarks contained in the letters accompanying the applications for readers' shilling shares.

* * *

SHARES RESERVED FOR COLONIAL READERS.

Many readers have asked me if I can arrange to reserve shares for them as they would like to take up more later on. I may say I have already arranged to reserve a block of shares for my Colonial readers, and if those who require more shares will let me know the number and when they can take them up I will try and meet their wishes.

I again print the prospectus and application form for the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to take advantage of my partnership offer in our last issue.

* * *

A BUSY WEEK.

The counting-house staff have had a busy week in dealing with applications, but nothing will please me better than to be able to employ extra hands to deal with this week's response. I want every one of my 25,000 readers to hold a share interest in this successful business.

Whether your application is great or small it matters little so long as I can claim you as a partner who is going to help me make *Modern Man*, which is now the finest weekly newspaper, the biggest circulating one in the United Kingdom.

There is a magnetism about my co-operative scheme which has caught the fancy of my readers, and after all it is only natural that you should like to be financially interested in the paper that interests you.

Do not fail to secure your proprietary interest now; the application form is on page 1877.

* * *

A READER AND THE BOERS.

Writing from Forest Gate, S.E., a reader says: "Might I be allowed a word through your fair and up-to-date columns upon the true state of affairs in South Africa. How long has the Press been silent upon this topic, and too long have the dreams of conciliation been fostered. What is the truth? Namely, that in the present crisis Generals Hertzog and De Wet are showing the plans and temper of the Boer people.

"The bulk of the Boers hate Great Britain as implacably as ever, and still aim for their independence. Meanwhile the British troops are actually being withdrawn while Krugerism is rampant. We are drifting towards another Boer war. Your South African readers will support me in testifying to the gravity of the situation. Only a miracle can avert a disastrous explosion."

* * *

MESSAGE FROM A BIRD FANCIER.

A Chichester reader, "F.C.L.," writes: "Sir,—In your 'Note Book' you publish a letter from 'C.D.,' in which the writer, 'correcting' you, says that the presence or absence of Chaffinches, Greenfinches, Tom-tits and Tom-tits would not affect insect life.

"This view I know is held by many farmers and others in country districts; but, as a practical cage bird fancier of several years' experience, I have proved that it is absolutely impossible to rear any of these birds without 'live food,' that Chaffinches in the adult stage require a good supply of insect food to keep them alive at all, that Tits are amongst the most difficult wild birds to keep in cages owing absolutely to the amount of 'live food' they require, and the veriest tyro at 'nature study' has seen the Tit sitting in a branch with a wasp between its claws pulling it to pieces.

"No experienced fancier ever dreams of keeping Chaffinches or Greenfinches on seed alone, live insects being requisite to keep them in health and plumage, and without it no bird would stand a chance on the show bench."

YOUR EDITOR.

FOR PROSPECTUS AND APPLICATION FORM SEE PAGE 1877.

THE MODERN MAN.
No. 30.
MR. FREDK. MANNING.

The present year is one full of interest for the subject of our sketch this week, inasmuch as when the King and Queen visit Crewe in April the honours due to Royalty on the occasion will be in the hands of Mr. Manning, the signalman Mayor of the town. The reception of Royalty is a privilege and a responsibility probably never before enjoyed by the average railway employe. It is all the more unique because it will devolve on Mr. Manning, the signalman, whose box at Basford Hall will control the arrival of the Royal train, to hand over the working of the levers to a colleague on this particular day, while he, as the civic head and official representative of Crewe, receives their Majesties at the station.

Mr. Manning is as conscientious a signalman as he is Mayor. Though he has received the permission of the officials of the London and North Western Railway Co. to interchange duties with his colleagues where the circumstances necessitate the clashing of the Mayor's duties with those of the signalman, and to have leave of absence for civic work when such interchange is not possible, he makes it his first consideration to cause the least possible inconvenience to the company or his colleagues without compromising his Mayoral responsibilities. The result is that he is probably the busiest Mayor in the country, and at the same time a highly-esteemed worker for the railway company, and the most popular of men with his fellow-citizens.

The Mayor of Crewe has resource and experience, and it is certain that every detail of the arrangements for the reception of their Majesties will, under his supervision, reflect credit on Crewe and its civic head.

A few days ago Councillor Manning had an interview with Lord Crewe in town with regard to the coming Royal visit. Mr. Manning's journey was sandwiched between eight hours of duty in his signal box and a necessary rest before going on early duty the next day. Having completed his eight hours' shift, which began at six in the morning, Mr. Manning left Crewe at two o'clock in the afternoon for London. He was back home at half past eight in the evening.

Mr. Manning, *Modern Man* is proud of you, and wishes you everything you wish yourself.

ESSEX READER WINS £25 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO LADIES.

It is recorded of Miss Arabella Kenealy, who is represented by a book in a new series of "Votes for Women" novels, that before she reached her teens she wept bitterly on receiving the information that she could never become Lord Chancellor of England on account of her sex. Her father, it may be remembered, was the famous counsel for the Tichborne claimant.

* * *

The Latest from France.

Superstitious people are as well catered for to-day as ever they were.

The town of Beziers, France, is immensely excited by a remarkable story which is said to have occurred in the old cemetery in the town.

According to the story, a woman was leaving the cemetery, where she had gone to pray at the grave of her husband, when she noticed a statue of the Virgin covered with moss.

The condition of the statue inspired her with pity, and she tried to wash the moss from it with her pocket handkerchief. She declares that the statue came to life, that one of its hands touched the handkerchief, and that a voice said, "This cloth is sacred now. Keep it, for I have blessed it to thank you for your act of piety."

The woman ran home to her cottage, and told her sick daughter what had happened. She put the handkerchief on the girl's bed, and the child, who has been paralysed for several years, sat up, got out of bed, and walked.

Pilgrims are flocking to the cemetery at Beziers.

* * *

Paper is Ousting Linen.

Since Japan has come to the front, there is scarcely a household in which the influence of the Eastern nation is not felt in some way, great or small. Its greatest contribution, the Japanese table napkin, has been used in a spasmodic fashion for a number of years. Now it is coming into its own, and is rapidly ousting the linen so prized by former housekeepers, into the background.

For breakfast and for the children's meals nothing is better than a paper tablecloth. It is not ugly, and neither does it look cheap. The latest paper cloth is of a very soft texture, smooth, and damasked patterned.

Paper towels are also used in many public schools. Doubtless they will soon be improved, and great popularity is certain to await them, for, in addition to their small cost, entire sanitation and cleanliness, can be added efficacy and pleasant feeling, and the harassed housewife will gladly welcome such a lessener to her laundry worries.

* * *

Mr. Gordon Selfridge is of the opinion that the best to handle the fair sex is to let them have their own way that a husband in that position has the happiest Will Mr. Asquith and others please note.

* * *

Surprise Kiss for a Stationmaster.

Everybody will wish Mr. George Kay well in his earned retirement from the position of station-master Penge on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

Mr. Kay, who is 65 years of age, has related an interes episode that took place while he was stationed at Addi

At that time the stationmasters did not wear a unif and one day when a train came in he stood at the plat door to take the passengers' tickets. A pretty you came up to him, and when he held out his hand fo ticket she seized it, gave it a tight squeeze, and follo that up by giving him a hearty kiss.

Mr. Kay was somewhat taken aback, but he manag say: "That's all very well, miss, but I want your ti "Oh!" replied the lady, with a blush, "aren't you James?"

* * *

How Lovely!

She put down the book with a sigh.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"Ah, dearest, I'm so happy," she replied.

"But you had such a sad look in your eyes just no

"I know, I've been reading about the unhappines the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Alfred, dear, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary fellow."

* * *

The Romance of Big Stage Salaries.

There seems to be scarcely any limit to the sums enterprising amusement managers are prepared to pa leading favourites of the public, though meanwhile sco not hundreds, of real artists find it difficult to obtai engagement. Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who is now touri Canada, is said to have signed contracts for her Ame tour at the rate of £1,000 a week.

Probably the first to initiate the enormous fees that now become comon was Adelina Patti, who, 27 years asked £600 to sing three little songs of five minutes at the Eden Concert in Paris.

* * *

Many a girl who loves a man for his money is too co to mention it.

The first thing a woman does after moving into a house is to look in all the cupboards to see if the last tenants left any family skeletons.

* *

Wanted—A Letter.

We were quite astonished to see that a "high-class contemporary" printed the following notice in the correspondence column: — "Lonely Lady, of good birth, wishes for a corespondent — either at home or abroad. Object of corespondence — enlargement of mind and ideas!"

Is this an error on the part of the lady or the printer?

MERELY POLITE.

He: "I suppose I ought to ask your fa her for your hand?"

She: "Well, yes; it might please him, and it can't do any harm. Of course, it won't be at necessary if mother is at home."

SEND TO-DAY FOR SOME "NICE PLACE POSTCARDS."

NEW READERS CAN START NOW.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Park-[illegible], Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Church-[illegible].

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten [illegible] servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clare-[illegible]ke.

[illegible]ttermann informs Jasmine that if she fails to lunch with him at [illegible]se in Chelsea, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, a big re-[illegible] of stolen goods, should be in the hands of the police within an [illegible].

[illegible] a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to [illegible] his destroyers, and to [illegible] Jasmine of his love for her. [illegible] in a dress [illegible] to travel to Chelsea in a taxi-cab [illegible] by a relation, and [illegible] the slightly bored parlourmaid [illegible] Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order [illegible] money, she consents to change clothes and impersonate [illegible] at the luncheon.

[illegible] Mary Glover is found dead at the luncheon table.

[illegible]rmann is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known [illegible], of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, [illegible] who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells [illegible] (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, [illegible]man, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

[illegible] hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who [illegible] the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he [illegible] convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stutter-[illegible] had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted [illegible].

[illegible] Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that [illegible] shall win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. [illegible]mine pays a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's [illegible], where she overhears Stuttermann and her father plotting Earle's death.

A convict is poisoned with bread stolen from Earle's cell, and Earle [illegible] convinced that it is the foul work of a new arrival at the prison, who intends to destroy him. During a fog in the exercise yard Earle attacks the [illegible], finds cyanide of potassium secreted away in a gold [illegible], and the same convict hands him a staggering message, warning [illegible] approaching danger, and presumably written by Jasmine Floyd! Lennie Shoreham, by bribing a young doctor, manages to visit [illegible] in his cell, but is sent away disappointed. The convict poisoner [illegible]s from the hospital.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

THE WARDER AND THE FACE.

The question beat against Harry Earle's brain: "Had this man got far—too far already to be tracked and caught?"

The Governor looked absolutely staggered. Surely it could [illegible] that this prisoner had got away from the infirmary [illegible]. Surely they must all be suffering from an optical [illegible]. The man must be there before them in the bed all [illegible] only something was wrong with their eyes which [illegible] them from seeing.

[illegible] actually believed this, he took three or four hurried [illegible] and pounded the bed with his hands.

[illegible] there was no prisoner in it. There could be no longer [illegible]ubt about it that this fellow with the alert glowing eyes [illegible] coals and the womanishly small, still delicate hands, [illegible] on himself off from what had been supposed to be his [illegible] bed and had vanished.

"I am afraid there is no doubt about it, sir," Harry Earle [illegible] a voice say to the Governor; "He's gone. It's a most [illegible] thing. He's the best shammer of illness we've ever [illegible] in the prison. He's done both the doctor and the assistant [illegible]ctor. They both said he couldn't have more than a few hours [illegible] to live. And he must have scooted off like a hare!"

As in a dream Harry Earle heard the commotion all about him, the whistlings and shouting and all the uproar of every kind that breaks out in a great prison when it is believed that one of its branded denizens has got away. For the brief space of two or three moments no attention was paid to him. He was aware of the Governor's sharp orders, angrily delivered in a voice that was like the snapping of percussion caps, and of a great running up and down stairs and a flashing of lights in the yard below the close-barred windows. He himself stood as still as a stone figure, chewing the cud of his fearful disappointment.

By this time the man "G.G." should have spoken the words which, when supported by "Troop," would have led to his getting back his freedom; and now "G. G." was gone, and those saving words might never be uttered.

Why had he gone? He had not known that Harry would appeal to the Governor to-night, and that that grim-featured official would come along and force out of him answers to certain damning questions. Why, then, had he disappeared so suddenly after feigning desperate illness? And who had helped him to go?

For that he must have been helped, Harry Earle was absolutely sure.

"Right about face! Quick march!"

Harry Earle was being rushed back to his cells, so that after he was safely locked in there the warder of his landing might join the band of officers who were starting forth to search for the vanished convict outside the walls of the prison. As he tramped back through the yards and into the particular iron hall in which he was quartered, and climbed the spiral iron stairs to his landing, his soul was full of blackness and bitterness unspeakable. He had felt so sure that he would be able to get out of this sinister palace of horror and retribution without taking the rescuing hand that Lennie Shoreham had held out to him. The man from Wormwood Scrubbs had known that he was innocent, and that it was only by a dastardly conspiracy he had been sent to this place. And he could have made this man speak the words that would have saved him. He had got the man in his power—under his very thumb But yet the fellow had given him the slip!

Even as he walked along the iron landing from which his footsteps reverberated through the whole length and breadth of the mighty hall that was like a giant devil's cage, the truth flashed into his mind that after all this enemy of his, "G. G.," had been in a tight corner from which there was no escape except by making the daring bolt that he had made.

"Yes, the fellow was in a tight corner, and no mistake!" He spoke the words deep down in his throat. "He knew that if he didn't speak out the truth about me I should betray him as a murderer, and he would die at the hands of the law for poisoning that convict who stole my bread. He wouldn't stand much chance of his life with the proof that I could give against him. And on the other hand, if he did speak out the truth about me he might have met his death at the hands of his accomplices outside the prison—the men who had given him orders to put me out of the way if he could. So the poor wretch hadn't got a chance except in escaping. Perhaps my life is all the safer for his having got away. If there was any truth in that mysterious letter that came to me in Jasmine's handwriting, then he certainly had secret orders to kill me.

"He must have made up his mind that it was no good trying his game on any more after my eyes had once been opened, and that the best thing that he could do would be to get out and tell his scoundrelly friends of his failure, and ask their advice as to what to do with me next. If it comes to that, I suppose I ought to be thankful that he's gone and left me still a living man. I wonder how many there are in the gang that are working against me. Great Heaven! Why did they pick me out more than any other man to be their scapegoat?"

He clenched his hands as he crossed the threshold of his cell: "God help me! To think that not so very long ago, I was a free, honest and honoured man, with everything in the world going right with me—and then suddenly, without any warning a black accusation was made against me, and strange and damning proofs were got from heaven knows where, and I found myself arrested, convicted, and ruined for ever—yes, there must be four or five men at work against me. They've

£250 IS THE PRIEMER PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS,

got me down, and now they're keeping me down. They mean to keep me down. They don't mean me ever to lift my head if they can help it. Troop, the receiver of stolen goods, is one of them. He and this fellow who has just bolted make two of the infamous party. Who can the others be? Ah! Let them wait a bit! I will find them out at last. And they will not have to wait very long."

If he had only had an idea as to who the infamous Troop really was! Would it have made his love for Jasmine Floyd less if he had known that the notorious receiver of stolen goods was her father?

During these moments, while his brain was reeling with the confusion of all that had happened to him on this evening, he never for a second forgot Jasmine Floyd. How could he forget her when, living or dead, she was in his blood and only to speak her name softly to himself was enough to make his pulses quicken their throbbing and his breath come short and fast? And now the torture of his doubt concerning her fate was sharper than it had ever been before. Was she indeed dead or was she living? Was her beauty still gladdening the world somewhere?

If he could only know! If he could only know!

As the warder was on the point of closing the door of his cell, Harry spoke to him. He felt he could speak to him more freely now when the man had taken Lennie Shoreham's two twenty-pound notes.

"Wait a bit, sir! Before you go you might let me have a bit of pencil and a scrap of paper. I know the "Beds Down" signal will come soon, but until it does, there's something I want to do with the pencil and paper. Nobody will see them—and, if anybody did, it would not be you that would get into trouble. I'd take the punishment myself gladly enough. But nobody is likely even to look in here until you come back."

Harry Earle had spoken in a deep, hoarse whisper which, even in this hall of resounding echoes that was like a devil's webwork of writhing iron, could not reach beyond the cubicle in which it was breathed forth. The warder looked at him for half a dozen seconds in silence, and then, no doubt remembering the two bank notes which still nestled warm inside his uniform, produced half unwillingly the two things for which he had been asked. He put a tiny stump of pencil and a soiled and creased half-sheet of paper into the convict's hand, and, with a muttered recommendation to him to keep out of sight with these treasures in case any officer should come by and look through the spy hole, he slammed the massive door, locked and bolted it, and tramped away along the landing.

When he came back, some time later, all the men on his landing were in bed. He crept up to Harry Earle's hammock and turning the beam of his lantern on him as he lay wide awake, demanded that the pencil and paper should be given back to him.

"I daren't leave them here till morning. It would be as much as my place here is worth."

"All right. Here they are!" Harry Earle spoke in a low throttled voice. Then he raised himself in his hammock. "Have the searchers found that man, sir?"

"No. He got too good a start. It seems a board was loose in the infirmary floor just by his bed—they let 'em have boards there so as the floor shan't strike so cold, as they're all sick—and he worked it looser and looser and then must have loosened another one, and must have slipped down into the place underneath which is a rough sort of room where the gardeners' gang keep their tools. Some man in the gardeners' gang must have known him and helped him, for it turns out that three of those thick strong bars outside the only window in the room had been loosened by a chemical acid ready for him to break with a touch. It doesn't look as if the inside of this prison will see him again until he gets back here for another crime. Here, hand over that paper and pencil! Why, what's this you've got on it?"

On the soiled and crumpled scrap of paper Harry Earle had drawn with the stumpy bit of pencil a likeness of Jasmine Floyd, and miserably rough though his materials were, he had managed to set down very clearly the delicately beautiful features of the girl who, living or dead, would hold his heart for ever. Every soft line, every tender curve of cheeks and lips was given, and the rich masses of hair framed the sketched face just as they had framed the face of the living woman when he had seen her last.

The warder turned the light of his bull's eye on the little pencil-drawn picture and started.

"Why, that's the likeness of a girl I saw out on the moor just now! She was mooning about, looking through the darkness at the prison walls, and I was so surprised to come upon a young girl standing there like that that I turned the light of my electric lamp full on her face to see if I knew her by sight. She asked me if it was true that one of the convicts had escaped and I told her it was, and that she'd better not be out by herself on the moor in the dark in case she met the desperate wretch. But I'd swear this was the woman. Did you expect her to be outside here lurking round?"

"No! No! She's supposed to be dead. You must only have seen someone very much like her, sir."

"Like her? It must have been her twin sister, then. I never saw such a likeness in my life. I tell you, it was this same woman. If I was to give this little sketch to a detective he'd know her by it anywhere."

At this, the convict leapt from his hammock bed and the warder's arm.

"Do you mean that, sir? My God, do you mean it? that girl you saw out on the moor just now as much drawing as all that?"

"As much like it? I tell you she was the very wom swear to her anywhere."

Harry Earle staggered backward against the wall of And when the prison officer had left him and the ligh burning dim on the landing for the night, and there sound except an occasional groan of desolate misery from cell or a few yet more horrible snatches of a comic from another, he lay tossing in his hammock and repeat himself over and over again:

"Father in Heaven! Is she living or dead? Give me Give me a sign!"

* * *

CHAPTER XIII.

DISCOVERY.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the assistant doctor of the P himself, as, in walking through the streets of Tarmouth evening, he saw a girl crossing the roadway entrance to the railway station. "That girl's got the figure and the best walk and the finest carriage of the that I've seen for a long time. I wonder what her face I wish she hadn't got such a thick veil on. I dare say lift up the veil when she gets to the booking office. I she's going to catch the eleven-thirty express to Lond

And, although this young man worked fairly hard his duty fairly well in the prison, he was so far fr minded now, when he was off duty, and was walking the neighbouring big town at the very late hour of o'clock, that he turned aside from his own proper follow the pretty girl whom he had just noticed into the station, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the feature were hidden by the annoyingly thick and heavy black v

It was such a large veil that it seemed to enshr whole head as well as cover her face, and the young doctor began really to feel that she must have some reas not wanting to be seen. He had tried, as she passed the lamps, to make out whether she was dark or fair, but he not even do this, so he felt quite curious as he followe into the station precincts and waited for a chance to better look at her.

The chance came soon. The mysterious girl, who was other than Jasmine Floyd, had no luggage except a small bag, and as she had plenty of time to spare, she could to stop and look at some newspaper placards that were up against the closed bookstall. Nearly all the placard announcements about the convict newly escaped from neighbouring great penal settlement; and one of them bo sentence:

"Missing man only just come from Wormwood Scrub

The sight of these words appeared to give the girl a deal of pleasure, for she stood in front of them for a long and the man watching her could see her face change read and re-read them. He might have been struck by the they had on her if he had not already been struck by beauty.

She was certainly lovely—quite astonishingly lovely, with beauty which was the kind he liked best. What had she doing down here in Tarmouth all alone? For she ordinary girl that could knock about unnoticed. Could connected in any way with any one of the prisoners?

When she turned away from looking at the new placard he saw her open her purse and then look blank finding something that she had expected to find. She round to the booking-office, but the little window was not yet, as there was still some time for the train for Lon came in. She looked [illegible] then that the man who was watching her took his courage in both and ventured to speak to her:

"I beg your pardon, but can I be of any assistance t You look as if something were wrong, but as there is anybody about the station at this time of night un train comes in, perhaps I may be able to help you."

The beautiful girl had put her veil down again at th sound of his voice, and she answered him now with it ing her features:

"Thank you very much. You may perhaps answer question. I have been foolish enough to lose my retur and as I haven't enough money with me to buy a am wondering if the booking-clerk will let me have leave a ring with him as a pledge of payment."

"Well, I don't know," answered her new admirer, the best thing you can do is to allow me to take your London for you. You can send me down the money after I am the assistant doctor at Portmill Prison, near here if you address a letter to me at the prison—to Doctor W it will be all right."

The good fellow could afford to be liberal when he thousand pounds coming to him from Lord Clarestoke

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl quickly; she seemed sudde have forgotten her own difficulty about money and he in the shock of learning that he was an official connecte Portmill Convict Prison. She looked at him eagerly, scar

IF YOU INTEND TO DO SO. SEND TO-DAY FOR SHARES.

The Secret of the Honours List.

Overwhelming preponderance of business men—significance of the change—to what is it due?

WHAT has happened to the powers that arrange the New Year's Honours? Fifteen of the twenty-three new Knights and Baronets are business men, not simply Politicians, nor merely officers in the Services! Can it be the authorities are at last realising that the successful business man does just as much for his country as the retired Anglo-Indian warrior or the wire-pulling M.P.?

Of the fact itself there can be no doubt, and its growing realisation in high quarters but emphasises the esteem in which the successful Business Man is held to-day. Typical examples of such men who have been honoured for their splendid record as business men are Sir William Treloar, Bt., Sir Thomas Lipton, Bt., Sir Charles Macara, Bt., Sir W. Henry Davies, Sir William B. Peat, Sir Clifford Cory, Bt., Sir Thomas Dewar, and Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., Chairman of the great P. and O. Steamship Co.

One remarkable fact is to be noted in the case of each of these men. It might be thought that they knew all there is to know about their business. Yet all these men find it worth while to keep a copy of a certain book on business, and to refer to it whenever they feel in need of the indispensable information that it contains. Moreover, each of these men has gone to the trouble of confessing how valuable they find the work, and we print below some of these letters. It is hardly necessary to name the book. There is only one book to which it could apply. It is to the great "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser," that these Business Baronets and Knights go for advice and information, and if they find it of such value, is there any need to point out its value to you? Sir A. Lazenby Liberty is another of the new Knights who has already paid his tribute to the value of this great work. Is it to be wondered at that even he, with his wide knowledge of business, should find it of the greatest use. The "Business Encyclopædia" is like no other book published. It deals with nothing but business, but it deals with that great subject so thoroughly and so successfully that no matter how wide your experience, or how keen your knowledge, you will find it of use to you.

How this Concerns You.

The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work. Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can be invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own business or calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing processes, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, about any and every subject connected with business. And when you learn all this, you learn it on the authority of actual practical business men. For the "Business Encyclopædia" is written by many of the most successful business men in the country, including such men as Richard Burbidge (Managing Director, Harrod's Stores), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), Joseph Fels (Fels-Naphtha Soap Co.), A. W. Gamage (Managing Director, A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), J. Murray Allison (Advertisement Manager of "The Times"), John Hassall, R.I. (the celebrated Poster Artist), John Lawrie (Managing Director, William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing Director, J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), H. Simonis (Director of the "Daily News"), and Warcham Smith (Director of the "Daily Mail"), and many others.

Just think for a moment what the assistance of these men would mean to you if you could have them by your side as you work, to refer to whenever you were in doubt, as to what to do in any difficulty. Surely you realise that it would mean just the difference between success or failure, between the certainty of promotion and the prospect of never getting any higher in the world than you are at present. The "Business Encyclopædia" is

Indispensable to the Young Man

who wishes to get on. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects for well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the young man who rises is the one who, as well as having every detail of his work at his fingers' ends, is always a point ahead. In the "Business Encyclopædia" the ambitious man will find every detail relating to the matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market. We guarantee that by the careful study of this work, the ambitious young man can fit himself for the position of manager of his business.

To the Mature Business Man

the "Business Encyclopædia" will prove equally valuable. With this work beside him, the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and, proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. The man who wants to succeed in business must have specialised business knowledge.

Why You Must Act at Once.

It is only because 60,000 firms and business men are already using this work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of the *Modern Man* for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work.

THREE OPINIONS.

SIR A. LAZENBY LIBERTY writes:—

"The 'Business Encyclopædia' will doubtless prove a valuable book of reference for professional and business men, as it has been compiled in an exhaustive manner, and covers much new ground."

SIR THOMAS DEWAR writes:—

"I must congratulate you upon the production of such an excellent work. The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that before long they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the 'Encyclopædia,' the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

SIR C. W. MACARA, President, Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Association, Manchester, **writes:—**

"The 'Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser,' contains a vast amount of information of the utmost value to business men, and I have already found it most useful as a book of reference."

If these successful business men find that the work is so valuable to them, is there any doubt that you would find it even more valuable in your struggle for success?

But whether you think it would help you or not, just send a card to the publishers, the Caxton Publishing Company, Ltd., 52, Surrey Street, London, W.C., for an interesting illustrated book giving full particulars of the "Business Encyclopædia." It will be sent you free of all cost, and will not involve you into any obligation to purchase the work or even to inspect the volumes. Send a card to-day—it costs nothing, and may mean the difference between success and failure in your business career. Once again, the address is, the Caxton Publishing Co., Limited, 52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR!

"Do you know a convict called Harry Earle?" she asked him.

The young man started. So this charming girl was interested in Harry Earle, too, was she? This was strange.

"Yes, I know him," he replied. "I was doctoring him only yesterday for a burn he got in the tailors' shop, where he works. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes. I will write to you about him when I send you the money I owe you; for I am going to let you buy my ticket for me. I really cannot help myself. I don't know what I should have done if you had not been good enough to offer to help me. And because I do not mean to tell you who I am, you must take my ring as a pledge that I shall pay you back."

The assistant doctor did not want any security for the small sum of money he was spending for her, but he did like the idea of having something that was hers, and so he took her ring.

Having seen her safely off by the express, the young prison doctor left the station and went on his way to the luxurious hotel where Lord Clarestoke was staying. He had not been able to see Lord Clarestoke since the strange occurrence of yesterday, when that dashing and daring young peer had gone in his name and in his clothes to the prison under cover of the evening darkness, and had had a meeting with Harry Earle in his cell.

The young peer, whose new friendship he was so proud of, had told him to come late this evening. Still he might be too late. It would be nearly midnight before he got to the hotel.

"Still, I don't suppose he'll have gone to bed yet," he told himself. "People of his sort don't usually go to bed early. And if I tell him I couldn't get out here earlier because three or four of the convicts were all taken very ill together, he won't blame me."

He was much disappointed when he got to the hotel to find that Lord Clarestoke had been in bed and asleep for the past two hours.

"And we wish he hadn't," added the hotel manager in a worried voice. "For we want to get him to change his room, and though I've had a man hammering at the door for the last three-quarters of an hour, he can't get any answer. Do you know if his lordship takes veronal or any other sleeping draught?"

"Why, yes! He told me that he did," replied the young doctor. "I dare say he's taken a dose to-night, and that's why he doesn't wake. But what do you want to wake him for? Why can't he stop in the room he's in now?"

"Because he must be getting drenched through and through as he lies in the bed," the hotel manager explained irritably. "Some old fool has been playing tricks with the bath arrangements on the floor above, and floods of water have been pouring down. Don't you think we might take it upon ourselves to break the door in?"

"Decidedly," answered the assistant doctor. "I'll go up and break it in myself now. Seeing that he has told me he has taken veronal, the least I can do is to look after him while he's sleeping too heavily to be wakened. I'll go up at once and break his room door in and bring him out."

A crowd of visitors as well as the hotel servants were outside the door of Lord Clarestoke's room as the bold young assistant medical officer of Portmill Prison reached the landing and bringing all his strength to bear upon the door, succeeded with the help of another man, in bursting it open. It fell inward with a crash and he rushed into the room.

Destruction wrought by water was on every side of him. Streams of water were pouring down from the ceiling. But the bed in which the young Lord Clarestoke lay sleeping his drugged sleep was already drenched, as the manager had foreseen that it would be. Part of the ceiling had already fallen in and other portions of it were cracking ominously. If the middle part gave way it would fall directly upon the bed, and upon the man sleeping in it.

"Get some other bed ready for Lord Clarestoke, and we'll carry him to it, the young doctor cried. "It is useless to try to wake him yet, and we can't leave him here."

The other bed was ready in a very few minutes, and the doctor lifted the young peer to carry him to it. Wrapping him in a blanket, he bore him easily enough across the large room and along the landing to the other room, where, helped by the hotel servants, he laid him on the bed. It was all done quite easily and naturally. Then why had his whole mood changed when he turned from the bed? And why did he positively stagger to the nearest chair as if the light weight of the young fellow had been too much for him.

"I expect his lordship was heavier than he looks," said the hotel manager, watching him in some surprise.

"Oh, well, yes—he was," jerkily admitted the assistant doctor. After a moment, he added, "I think I'll stop here to-night, if you don't mind. I don't quite like Lord Clarestoke's looks, and I think I'd better keep an eye on him. It's so foolish of a man to take those sleeping draughts. What do you say? Another doctor? Oh, no, that's not

BIG PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS. £250 YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Shrewd footballers can earn big money by entering our Football Skill Competition. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues, on Saturday, February 8th and for the prize of £250 you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose**. Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of £250. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, February 8th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to Modern Man, No. 15 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 7th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 15.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 8th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN ROVERS	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED.
BRADFORD CITY	v.	NEWCASTLE UNITED.
EVERTON	v.	LIVERPOOL.
SUNDERLAND	v.	CHELSEA.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
BLACKPOOL	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
BURY	v.	BRADFORD.
FULHAM	v.	BARNSLEY.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	v.	STOCKPORT COUNTY.
LEEDS CITY	v.	LEICESTER FOSSE.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	GLOSSOP.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HULL CITY
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS	v.	BRENTFORD.
NORWICH CITY	v.	SWINDON
SOUTHAMPTON	v.	EXETER CITY.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	COVENTRY CITY.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

CHELMSFORD READER WINS OUR PRIZE THIS WEEK. SEE PAGE 18

...essary. I can watch his lordship by myself quite well. ...ou needn't trouble about him any more. All the hotel can ...go to bed now. There's a sitting-room on this floor, isn't ...here? Well, I'll pass the night there, writing a few letters, ...and having a sleep on the sofa. Send me up a decanter of ...whisky and two or three bottles of soda."

With a long look at the young peer lying asleep, with as ...heavy an unconsciousness as if nothing had happened to him, ...he went off to the sitting-room and refreshed himself with a ...long drink which he felt he needed more than ever he had ...needed a drink in all his life before. Then he drew a sheet ...of notepaper before him, and wrote out his resignation of the ...post of medical officer of Portmill Convict Prison.

"No more drudgery for me," said he to himself with a ...tone of satisfaction. "When a bit of luck like this I've ...just had comes in a man's way, the least he can do is ...take advantage of it."

Presently he threw himself on the sofa and slept till morn...ing.

It was at ten o'clock that he sent in a message to Lord ...Clarestoke, intimating that he wanted to see him as soon ...as could be made convenient, and at half-past ten the young ...peer strolled into the sitting-room.

"Well, my dear fellow, what are you doing, stopping ...here all night, instead of going home to look after your pre...cious convicts?"

The assistant doctor went close to the tall, lithe young ...figure, and spoke his answer very low.

"I've found out, Lord Clarestoke, that you are not a man ...but a woman. Are you prepared to pay me to keep my dis...covery to myself, or shall I make it known this very morning ...to the whole world?

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS POWERFUL MELODRAMA WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK. ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.

AN EXERCISE FOR ALL MUSCLES.

A correspondent has written asking if I would give an exercise this week which benefits the whole body.

The exercise I have chosen affects all the muscles in the body. The shoulders and legs are brought into play, as well as the trunk muscles, and it constitutes a splendid ...eloper and suppler.

The starting position is that shown in the sketch, with the ...et on a chair or bed, and the hands on the floor.

...raise the body in the middle until it is arched as ...as possible, and pause in this position.

Then lower yourself slowly to the starting position and repeat the movement.

Five minutes a day at this simple exercise will work wonders in your development.

Advantages of Massage.

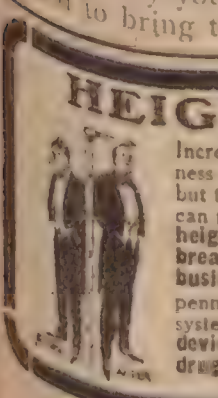
...annot too strongly impress on my readers the value ...massage in keeping the skin in good condition and improving its texture.

One does not need any technical knowledge in order to benefit by self-applied skin-massage.

Force is not required when only the skin is being treated, and though a gentle kneading process is most beneficial in opening the pores and removing blackheads, a good ...bbing with a rough Turkish towel is most effectual.

...r washing your face, use water as hot as you can ...and dry yourself on a rough towel, rubbing as if you ...ed to bring the skin away.

HEIGHT INCREASED.



Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth of shoulder, general health** and **business personality**. Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system. **involving no appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit, and no drugs. PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.**

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DRAUGHTSMAN.	QUANTITY SURVEYOR.
DYNAMO RUNNER.	SHORTHAND TYPIST.
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GAS-POWER ENGINEER.	STRUCTURAL ENGINEER.
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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The stock markets are steady, but very little business is doing.

* * *

The public still fight shy of speculating until they have definite news of the Balkan crisis.

* * *

Nigerian Tin shares provide the only exception, and here quite a boom is in evidence.

* * *

Ropps are the feature, spurting to over £5. Naragutas show a substantial gain; and other buoyant features have been provided by Jos, Bauchi Ordinary, Keffi and Tin Areas.

* * *

This blaze of strength may be short lived, but at any rate I advise readers to be very careful how they deal.

* * *

I prophesied early activity in this market and shares prominent in the rise are those I have consistently recommended. If you acted on my timely advice to buy, I advise you to sell as soon as you see a good profit, before you get left.

* * *

I am glad to hear there has been a good response to the Bowerman's Press issue of shilling shares, and I hope my readers have helped themselves plentifully. If you have not yet done so, I advise you to send in your application at once. The prospectus again appears on the opposite page.

* * *

Bowerman's Press, Ltd., is a very progressive publishing house, thoroughly up-to-date, and the paper you are now reading is proof that they are alive to the public want in producing a paper that is appreciated by hundreds of thousands throughout the country.

* * *

South African shares have been eclipsed by the Nigerian excitement, but a firm tone has prevailed.

* * *

Chartereds hold well at 27s. 6d. and Exploring Land and Minerals at 5s. 6d., Amalgamated Properties are obtainable at 2s. 9d., and Northern Copper at 15s. 3d.

* * *

Among West Africans, Ashanti Goldfields are rather better at 1 1-16, and Gold Coast Amalgamated at 1¼. Others in this market that will go better are Broomassie at 6s. and Fanti Consols now quoted at 8s.

* * *

The Cobalt Townsite shares are still good for a rise. The production for the past week is valued at £4,773 and the profit at £3,035, an advance on the previous week.

* * *

The Malayan Tin Dredging are now quoted at £3 11-16. Good news is to hand of very satisfactory progress with the big dredger.

* * *

There were some lively scenes and considerable opposition at the shareholders' meeting held last week of the Metropolitan Railway to the acquirement of the Great Northern and City Railway Company.

* * *

It was finally agreed that some of the largest shareholders should meet the Directors on February 5th to further discuss the matter. Metropolitan shares are now quoted 53½ after being down to £52.

* * *

New Central 'Bus shares have been a very active market, but at the price of 45s. I consider them too high and advise holders to sell.

* * *

On the other hand National Steam Cars are still a good buy at about 37s. 6d.

* * *

Marconis are dull at 4⅞ths and National Telephone are still lower at 95.

* * *

Little business is doing in the leading Rubber shares, but the demand is still considerable for the lower priced shares.

* * *

Among these I name Allagar, Dolok, Chersonese, Merliman, Singapore United, Sungei Matang, Tempeh and Yam Seng.

* * *

Oil shares are still very quiet. Last week's output of Petroleum at 4,468 tons shows an increase of 75 tons, the price of crude oil is higher.

* * *

The general meeting of the Premier Oil was held at bury House last week. The Chairman stated the was £90,594. The price of crude oil had risen, November they had been receiving £2 7s. 6d. per ton Union had since notified its intention of advancing the from February 1st to £2 18s. 4d. per ton.

* * *

There has been quite a revival of interest in the Am market, nothing like it has been seen for years, only hope that we shall a continuance of good in this market.

ORTH

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Jenkins (Newcastle).—You should buy Nigerian Tin Shares at they still further appreciate in price. Ropp Tin are too dan speculate in. I advise Jos, Keffi, or Bauchi Ordinary or Prel market is likely to wake up any moment, and shares like Transport, or Premier Oil at present prices are likely to sho return.

H. G. (Sydenham).—The issue of 1s. shares now offered by Bo Press are entitled to 10 per cent. dividend before any is Deferred Shareholders.

H. O. (Liverpool).—I do not advise an option of Chartereds. believe they will go better. As you have got the money you much better by buying the shares right out and selling again at profit.

L. E.—The most active market at the present moment is Nig and as you have £100 you want to speculate with, I should advise buy 50 Jos Tin at about 8s. 6d., 50 Bauchi Ordinary at 3s. 6d., 22s., and buy Bowerman's Press 1s. shares with the balance.

G. Hudson (Macclesfield).—I will send you the name of a reliable by post, as the firm you send me the name of I do not recommend with.

H. J. (Wales).—I do not recommend a purchase of the shares tion. Buy 100 Bauchi Ordinary Nigerian Shares at about 5s. 6d. Bowerman's Press 1s. shares before they go to a premium.

S. Johnson (Surrey).—By all means buy National Steam Cars a good purchase. Rubber Trusts are worth holding, and Ind are worth looking up.

S. M. (Brighton).—Cobalt Townsite, Casey Cobalt, and Tem sion are good and will go better, but be careful of others.

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Divided into 460,000 Ten per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1/- each and 40,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.

Issue of 460,000 Ten Per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares now offered for Subscription at par. Payable in full, 1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum and this dividend will rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares, and after £500 of the profits have been distributed to the Deferred Shareholders the remaining profits of the Company will be equally divided between the Ordinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st of September. The dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be payable on September 1st, 1913, and will be calculated from the due date the shares were applied for.

Thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and two of the Deferred Shares of 1/- each have already been issued and Forty-five Debentures of £100 each, making a total value of £4,500.

Directors.

CARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director), Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertising Director).
G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyholme, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill (Circulation Manager).

Bankers.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

JOHN BARRINGTON & Co., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Secretary & Registered Offices,

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company was originally formed as a printing and publishing business for the purpose of acquiring the copyright and goodwill of the well-known topical illustrated weekly newspaper "MODERN MAN," and the monthly fashion book known as "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" and CATALOGUE OF FASHIONS.

"MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and the rapid increase in circulation in the past six months clearly demonstrates how highly the public appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the month of December, 1912, shows an increase of 49,799 copies over the month of June, 1912.

"BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" was first published in April, 1911, and has proved a great success. It is original in many ways, and is an interesting fashion monthly, giving practical advice to the many thousands who make their own clothes. The circulation steadily increases month by month.

The revenue derived from the publications for the past twelve months amount to £5,688 17s. 5d.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the publications an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby of furthering the progress of the papers as well as of sharing in the profits.

A large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in advertising your papers, and by this means the Directors believe they can still further increase the circulation of "MODERN MAN" during the next twelvemonth by another 75,000 copies per week and "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" by another 50,000 copies per issue. This extra circulation would bring a much greater advertisement revenue into the paper.

The following is an estimate of the profits which may be expected to result from the additional circulation and advertisement revenue to the Company:—

Profits from extra circulation on the basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,100	0	0		
From extra advertisement revenue	4,520	0	0		
	£10,620	0	0		
Less additional office expenses and commissions	1,000	0	0		
				£9,620	0 0
The amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300	0	0		
The amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500	0	0		
				£2,800	0 0
Leaving the sum of				£6,820	0 0

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO PAY A FURTHER DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO THE DEFERRED SHARES AND TO PROVIDE £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

To avoid disappointment you are requested to apply at once for the number of shares you require. Preference will be given to readers, newsagents, and others interested in the publications. Not less than five shares will be allotted to any one person.

No cash has been paid to any promoters, and the vendors take no cash consideration.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the form printed below, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company, together with a remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited, or bearer. If in any case the number of shares allotted be less than those applied for the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Registered Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for .... 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby apply for and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

Description .....

Usual Signature .....

Date ..... 1913.

DO NOT DELAY IN ASKING FOR SHARES.

£100 for an Opinion

Great New Vi-Cocoa Competition-237 Prizes

Thousands upon thousands of sturdy British workers, who have benefited by the health, strength and stamina building properties of Vi-Cocoa, have sent absolutely voluntary testimony of their deep appreciation to the proprietors of this ideal beverage. No other cocoa has received so many, or such gratifying expressions of opinion, or has created so many friends who—to use a colloquial expression—"swear by it." Thousands of these testimonials have been published in one form or another; but it has been impossible to use them all.

This announcement gives below 15 testimonials which have never been made public, and we want our friends to assist us in selecting the best of these for advertising purposes—to arrange them according to their advertising value.

After all it is the judgment and insight of the public w decides the success of anything. No matter how a book be reviewed by the critics, whether favourable or other it is the public mind after all which gives the real ver The newspapers may condemn or praise a play, bu success depends—not upon what they say—but upon the public think of it. For this reason we appeal to the of Vi-Cocoa to exercise their critical skill in deciding w of these testimonials would most influence others in pur ing Vi-Cocoa. The fifteen testimonials given below been rearranged in numerical order, in what the proprie of Vi-Cocoa consider to be according to their merit, this list has been placed in a sealed envelope, which not be opened until March 1st, 1913.

First Prize £100; Second Prize £10; Five Prizes of £5 each; Ten Prizes of £1 each; and Two Hundred and Twenty Prizes of 5/= each —£200 for Vi-Cocoa Users.

Now, every user of Vi-Cocoa is requested to make a similar list, and send it in to "Vi-Cocoa" Advertising Department, 12, Henry Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., on or before February 28th. Each list will be dated as received. On March 1st the list we have prepared will be opened, and those received from users of Vi-Cocoa will be compared with this list. If one of these, and one only, is found to exactly correspond with the sealed list, a first prize of £100 will be given to the one sending it in. If two, or more, have the same list, the first prize will be given to the one whose list was received first. If no one has given exactly the correct list, the £100 will be awarded in the same manner to the one whose list most nearly corresponds with the sealed list. The other prizes will be awarded by the same system.

No one employed in any capacity by the Proprietors of Vi-Cocoa will be allowed to compete.

CONDITIONS.—This competition is limited to user Vi-Cocoa, and must, therefore, be accompanied by front wrapper (the part with the price on) of one o packets of Vi-Cocoa. The front of the 6d. packet (w must be cut away) entitles the sender to one list; that o 9d. tin, to two lists; and that of the 1s. 6d. tin, to four The front of the two latter can easily be cut away from tin. The coupon on this advertisement can be used for list, the others can be written on plain paper.

Lists can be sent in any time previous to February and there is no limit to the number you may send, provi each is accompanied by the front of a packet or t accordance with these instructions.

The decision of the Management will be final, and petitors can only enter upon this understanding. A l the successful competitors will be published in the *Mail*, *Daily Sketch*, *Daily Mirror*, and *Daily News* March 14th.

Drink Vi-Cocoa for Stamina, Strength, Endurance

Remember the First correct List Wins £100, therefore begin sending your Coupons in To-day

Here are the 15 Testimonials:

SEND THIS PART OF WRAPPER WITH EVERY LIST.

August 12th, 1912. Mrs. F. Clifford, 28, Grange Park Road, Thornton Heath.—"It is with great pleasure I write to testify to the good your Vi-Cocoa has been to me. For over 11 years I have used your Cocoa; I cannot speak highly enough of its good as it is food and drink to me. For over three months I could not eat solid food, and a cupful of Vi-Cocoa three times a day is so satisfying that I was able to get my strength again. I have such faith in your Vi-Cocoa that if anyone tells me they have indigestion I get them to try it, and I have heard of good results from it. I do not believe in running to a doctor's, but believe in your Vi-Cocoa as a strengthening and sustaining beverage."

August 6th, 1912. Mrs. Byrant, 1, Foss Road, Garratt Lane, Tooting, S.W.—"I have used Vi-Cocoa for the past ten years, and have found it very nourishing. If only mothers would give it to their children, I am sure they would find it help to build up their constitutions. I have proved it, so can speak of its value."

August 13th Mr. Robert Widdowson, 59, Northampton Street, Leicester.—"I th perhaps it might interest you to know that I have taken Vi-Cocoa this last two years or more as a beverage, after a nervous breakdown of a year's duration, and have felt the benefit from same. As a beverage for fatigue I am convi is unequalled, and its beneficial properties cannot be overestimated. sure that all suffering from any kind of nervousness or general would do well to give Vi-Cocoa a trial. I may say I am still tak as it never fails to act as a tonic. I am simply writing this in to yourself."

August 27th Mrs. E. Drinkell, 136, Barcroft Street, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby have used Vi-Cocoa for some time, and would not like to out it, as my husband has a cup every morning before go work. The neighbours wonder why he looks so healthy and and I told them that I can account for it by using Dr. Vi-Cocoa. I am sure if anyone saw him they would not think much, and he is close on fifty."

August 27th Mr. Henry Ward, 80, Tomkinson Road, Nuneaton.—"I have used Vi for more than 10 years, and as I suffer from indigestion nervousness, I always find it a great relief and gives strengt am a miner, and do not feel 'fagged' out or run down w take a cup or two of Vi-Cocoa in the morning before I go home to work, and my children always ask for it."

August 13th Mrs. M. Sumner, Willowdene, 53, St. Thomas' Road, Chorley.—"I been using Vi-Cocoa for many years, and like it better th other cocoa. It is very strengthening and sustaining, with a most agreeable to the taste, and totally different from any I tried many other kinds before finding one which suited member of the family. Vi-Cocoa does this, and is a favourite bever my home, and no other will ever supersede it."

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

August 4th, 1912.

MR. SAMUEL C. SHEEN, 19, Stour Street, Kirkdale.—"I have now used Vi-Cocoa for the past four years, and I find it beneficial in every way. Many a time I have spent 16 hours at a time at my work. Before I used Vi-Cocoa I used to be tired every morning, and I could never feel in form for work; but since I have used this valuable drink I can go to work without any tired feeling, and can eat far more when working. My advice to anybody when run down, or having a tired feeling' is, 'to use Vi-Cocoa,' and it will set you right."

May 25th, 1912.

MR. H. BOYCE, 50, Ysgol Street, Swansea.—"I have been using Vi-Cocoa for the past eight years, and will not use any other, for the reason that it has more staying power than any other, and I am sure it cured me of Dyspepsia, from which I used to suffer; but now there are no doctor's bills in the house."

July 29th, 1912.

MR. W. RICHARDS, 1, Baglan Street, Pentre Ystrad, Rhondda.—"We have used Vi-Cocoa in our home for nearly 20 years, as I have to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning to start my work as horsekeeper underground. As I cannot eat much before going out, I take a large cup of Vi-Cocoa, which stimulates and sustains me as no other beverage could do. My son takes a bottleful to work every night. We shall not be without it as long as I can get it."

October 11th, 1911.

MR. A. BARRAS, 17, Warwick Street, Burnley.—"I have used Vi-Cocoa for the past eight years, and always found it extremely beneficial and nourishing, which certainly proves all that is claimed for it, and I would not be without a packet in the house under any consideration. Its properties are stimulating, strengthening, and nourishing; and it is an ideal brain-food for the City man, and a 'body-builder' for the physical worker."

July 16th, 1912.

MR. S. ALDER, 1, Burrup Place, Doris Street, Lambeth, S.E.—"I have been using Vi-Cocoa for about 16 years, and I know that when I have felt weary and tired, I have made a cup of your Vi-Cocoa and it has braced me up and taken that tired and weary feeling away, and imparted in me new life for my work."

May 13th, 1912.

MR. BEN ATKINS, Ex-Bantam Champion Wrestler of Essex, Stratford, E.—"I have been a regular consumer of Vi-Cocoa for about three years. It is the most nourishing, stimulating, and strength-giving Cocoa on the market, far superior to ——— which I have tried. It is a Cocoa that athletes should know more about. For instance, I go for all outdoor sports and wrestling. When doing my training I never forget to have my cup of Vi-Cocoa after doing any hard work. It seems to bring back vitality most wonderful. I have recommended your Cocoa to hundreds of boxers, wrestlers, walkers, and runners, who have thanked me afterwards."

January 30th, 1912.

MRS. A. BROADBENT, 56, Godley Road, Halifax.—"We commenced using Vi-Cocoa early after we were married, and that is 16 years since. It is a great credit to your firm that through all those years it has always maintained its high quality and purity, and we consider it the best food-beverage which can be bought. Our eldest boy—who is a student at the Technical College here—was asked to join the Post Office staff during the Christmas rush for three days. They take on a number of teachers and students, going on duty at 6 o'clock the second night, who do not come off until 11 o'clock, coming home very tired. A cup of Vi-Cocoa was waiting for him, which he drank, making this remark: 'Father, have you ever noticed how Vi-Cocoa seems to give you new life again?' May we say we have noticed it, and that is why we use no other."

August 3rd, 1912.

MR. REG. H. HENNELL, 215, Cowick Road, Tooting, S.W.—"For 15 years I have been a constant drinker of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and have always found it refreshing and invigorating, its distinct aromatic flavour holding a distinct advantage over other cocoas. Its action in warding off fatigue is wonderful, and its aid towards digestion is valuable. It should command a place in every household."

October 24th, 1912.

MRS. F. HAYNES, 54, King William Street, Dennis Park, Stourbridge.—"I have known Dr. Tibbles' Cocoa for nearly 20 years, and am using it to-day. It has given me health and strength to do my housework. I have tried all other cocoas, but nothing like Vi-Cocoa, for it put new life in me, and done me a world of good for stomach complaint. I shall always use it as long as I live."

Vi-Cocoa Competition Coupon.

The following list indicates my opinion of the advertising value of the fifteen Vi-Cocoa Testimonials, and I agree to accept the Proprietors' decision as final. (Only the letter sign, A, B, C, etc., of each Testimonial is necessary):—

1	6	11 .....
2	7	12 .....
3	8	13 .....
4	9	14 .....
5	10	15 .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post this together with Vi-Cocoa Wrapper Front to

VI-COCOA,

12, Henry Street, Bloomsbury, LONDON, W.C.

Modern Man.

BE SURE YOU GET VI-COCOA—EVERY PACKET CARRIES £100 OPPORTUNITY.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ACTORS AND FASHIONS.

Does the stage set the fashion in men's clothes? Although our leading actors are generally well clothed, and wear almost faultlessly fitting garments on the stage, the styles do not emanate from the brains of the men who wear them. Many people may be led to believe that fashions are originated or designed by the actors, because they may see a new style on an actor for the first time. The introduction of a silk cuff to a dress coat, a change in the number of buttons or the opening of the fronts of a coat are readily noticed by connoisseurs in clothes. Plays representing present day life require the actors to be clothed in the newest of garments, and these interpret the latest suggestions of the tailor's art. The actor is a good agent for the dissemination of new ideas in dress, and this, as the *Tailor and Cutter* puts it, may readily be mistaken for an intention to set the fashion.

LARGE BOOTS.

Being sensible, you never buy your boots smaller than you can wear comfortably from the outset; and so, by and by, long before the boots are worn out, you find that they have stretched so much that they have become uncomfortably large.

The remedy is quite simple, and not at all costly. Get a pair of in-soles. Do not use those made of cork and wool—the best in-soles are of leather, and your own bootmaker will cut you an excellent pair for a shilling or so.

If you have an old piece of leather handy, you can easily make them yourself. An old pair of leggings which have been thrown aside can be turned into two pairs of in-soles. First cut out a piece of paper and trim until it fits comfortably inside your boot, then using this as a pattern, cut out the soles with a sharp knife.

When in-soles become saturated with perspiration, they can be cleaned by being placed in cold water for about fifteen minutes and then allowed to dry.

OVERCOAT FACINGS.

Velvet facings to overcoats are rather popular just now. They look very smart for a time, but the velvet soon becomes shabby. You should from time to time have the facings renewed. The cost is very small, and the expenditure is well made.

The same thing applies to silk facings on frock coats. Very often you will find the silk facing runs down the left side slightly over the top buttonhole. You are not meant to use this particular button, but some day, without thinking, you will, in buttoning up your frock coat, try to put this button through, with the result that the edge of the silk facing will be damaged.

If you see that this has happened, or that the silk is becoming dull with dust, or shiny with wear, you should not hesitate to send it to the tailors to have new facings put on.

BOXING NOTES.

Jim Driscoll, as our friends on the other side have it, has hit the toboggan, as was evident by the result of his contest with Owen Moran at the National last Monday. Jim was all there with the clever stuff in the first ten rounds or so, but after that Moran's forcing tactics counterbalanced the champion's early lead, and the referee's decision—a a draw—did justice to both men. Jimmy will probably quit the boxing game now and give his time to developing the young idea, with a view to developing the old English style of boxing rather than the rushing, swinging methods employed by the majority of present-day boxers.

* * *

George Carpentier will be seen in another "championship battle" early this month, this time with Bandsman Rice, who, though not the acknowledged light-heavyweight champion of England, has, on form, established the soundest claim. This contest will be announced as being for the Light-Heavyweight Championship of Europe.

Continued on back page.

WE INVITE YOU TO BECOME OUR PARTNERS. SEE PAGES 1868 AND 1877

BOXING NOTES—continued from previous page.

Sid Burns for another go with Tom McCormick, who recently defeated him at Plymouth. A return match has been fixed up, and will take place on February 28th at the Cosmopolitan Gym., Plymouth. Sid feels certain he can reverse, while Thomas is most positive he can repeat, so there you are.

* * *

Another one off to Australia! Jim Sullivan is on his way, accompanied by Boyo Driscoll. Mr. "Snowy" Baker is getting all our best boys, and we shall soon be left in the cart. Billy Wells is off to America, to be followed shortly by Freddie Welsh. Carpentier wants Billy badly, and a £3,000 purse has been offered for the match, but it will have to wait until Wells comes back from the States.

CYCLE MEMS.

If during the winter a motor bicycle has been dismantled for the purpose of cleaning or removing carbon deposit, when replacing the cylinder head a washer of thick brown paper, previously soaked in oil, should be inserted between this and the crank case.

If this is not done it will be found that no matter how tightly they have been bolted together oil will persist in exuding from this joint, and this is bad for the engine, as, apart from the loss of oil, it gives it a dirty appearance, quickly collects road dust and therefore prevents proper cooling.

Suitable washers can easily be cut from brown paper, but many manufacturers are selling them ready-made very cheaply.

During 1913 the question of the classification of experts, novices, trade riders and amateurs is to undergo a complete revision.

It is high time, in the interest of the sport of motor cycling, that this should be done.

It is the amateur riders on whom the trade depends who should be encouraged to enter for open competitions, and this is hardly done by matching them against trade riders with the resources of a factory behind them. It is like a system of relieving them of sundry guineas in the shape of entrance fees, against which many amateurs are beginning to protest.

RACING SELECTIONS.

I have not yet had time to go thoroughly into the [S] Handicaps, the weights for which were published last [week], so will make no attempt at comment in this issue, but hope during the week to make a careful study of the [Lin]coln and National, and will find a likely few for each race. My Selections for this week are :—

DERBY, MONDAY.

Derbyshire Handicap Hurdle : SHACCABAC.

TUESDAY.

Rangemore Handicap Steeplechase : LONG WATER.

LEICESTER, WEDNESDAY.

Mapperley Steeplechase : FETLAR'S PRIDE.

THURSDAY.

January Handicap Hurdle : LEESON PARK.

SANDOWN PARK, FRIDAY.

Sandown Grand Prize : BRAXTED.

SATURDAY.

Prince of Wales Handicap Steeplechase : KING OF THE SCOTS.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE K[NOWS] EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE ME[SSAGE] FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE B[ENE]FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESS[AGES]

TREBLE THE WEAR OF YOUR TROUSERS & REMOVE UNSIGHTLY BAGGINESS BY USING THE SIMPLEX

5

In Polished 6-ply Oak. Carriage paid U[K] Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Heavy Press** to take 4 8-ply Oak, Heavily plated fittings, carriage paid, weight

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in hard unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs. **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on approval.** Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List. **Superior combined Coat and Trouser Hangers, 1/6 carriage paid.**

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co (H. GIBSON, Manager)

66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 14, North End Chambers, Croydon.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1876.

Brain fag, depression, nervous exhaustion, banished, makes life worth living; inexpensive, genuine; recipe, 1s. 1d.—Address, Box 701, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1880.

Jokes, novelty, sneezing roses; sample joke and catalogue, post free, three stamps.—Bulls, 579, Battersea Park Road., London.

For special offer in books, see Caxton Publishing Co. announcement, page 1873.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, 211, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Gramophone de Luxe, hornless, Chippendale cabinet, standing 4ft. on wheels, with records, £5 5s.; approval willingly.—S. Elliott, 96, Guilford Street Russell Square, London.

Old suits made like new; my recipe quickly removes grease, dirt, stains; post paid, 7d.—Box 850, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Sure Cure for Corns, Hoofs and Warts (Riley's, late Richardson's). Send for large box, post free, 8½d.—A. Gibson, Agent, 197, Oldham Road, Rochdale.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Wanted; Height increasing course; must be in good order, and cheap for cash.—Box 841, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, 140, Holborn Hall, College, London, W.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement in page 1875.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars for sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box [8]9, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Stammering permanently cured; personally or by correspondence; age no bar; system originated by self-cured sufferer; moderate fees; particulars from Headmaster, Hailsham College, Sussex.

Every Book-keeper should possess a copy of "Trading Accounts," just published, brimful of useful information, complete with exercises and answers, worth 2s. 6d., price 7d. post free direct from the author.—W. A. Hatcher, A.C.P., 29, Shaftesbury Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe and full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page [1]4.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1/- tube of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case.

Dated, February 8th, 191[3]

.....Cut here.....

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